Mr. *POPE*'s

MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.




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MUSEUM



M.r Alexander Pope.

MISCELLANY

POEMS.

VOL. I.

By Mr. *POPE*. K.

Hæc ſtudia adoleſcentiam alunt, &c.



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MDCCXXVI.



On Mr. *POPE* and his POEMS.

WITH age decay'd, with Courts and bus'neſs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what eaſe requir'd;
Too ſerious now a wanton Muſe to court,
And from the Critics ſafe arriv'd in Port:
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidſt advent'rous rovers of the pen:
And after ſo much undeſerv'd ſucceſs,
Thus hazarding at laſt to make it leſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious time,
It ſelf a ſubject for ſatyric Rhime;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n *Homer* blam'd!
But to this Genius, join'd with ſo much art,
Such various learning mix'd in ev'ry part,

Poets are bound a loud applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey,
And yet ſo wonderful, ſublime a thing,
As the great *Iliad*, ſcarce ſhould make me ſing;
Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.
One moral, or a meer well-natur'd deed,
Does all deſert in Sciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at ſome mens ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praiſe.

BUCKINGHAM.

To Mr. *POPE.*

THE Muſe, of ev'ry heavenly gift allow'd
To be the chief, is publick, tho' not proud.
Widely extenſive is the Poet's aim,
And, in each verſe, he draws a bill on fame.
For none have writ (whatever they pretend)
Singly to raiſe a Patron or a Friend;
But whatſoe'er the theme or object be,
Some commendations to themſelves foreſee.

Then let us find, in your foregoing page,
The celebrating Poems of the age,
Nor by injurious ſcruples think it fit,
To hide their Judgments who applaud your Wit:
But let their pens, to yours, the heralds prove,
Who ſtrive for you, as *Greece* for *Homer* ſtrove,
Whilſt he who beſt your Poetry aſſerts,
Aſſerts his own, by ſympathy of parts.
Me Panegyrick verſe does not inſpire,
Who never well can praiſe what I admire,
Nor in thoſe lofty tryals dare appear,
But gently drop this counſel in your ear.
Go on, to gain applauſes by deſert,
Inform the head, whilſt you diſſolve the heart:
Inflame the Soldier with harmonious rage,
Elate the young, and gravely warm the ſage:
Allure, with tender verſe, the Female race,
And give their darling paſſion courtly grace.
Deſcribe the foreſt ſtill in rural ſtrains,
With vernal ſweets freſh-breathing from the plains.
Your Tales be eaſy, natural, and gay,
Nor all the Poet in that part diſplay;
Nor let the Critic there his ſkill unfold,
For *Boccace* thus, and *Chaucer* tales have told.

Sooth, as you only can, each differing taſte,
And for the future charm as in the paſt.
Then ſhould the verſe of ev'ry artful hand
Before your numbers eminently ſtand;
In you no vanity could thence be ſhown,
Unleſs, ſince ſhort in beauty of your own,
Some envious ſcribler might in ſpight declare,
That for compariſon you plac'd 'em there.
But Envy could not againſt you ſucceed,
'Tis not from friends that write, or foes that read;
Cenſure or Praiſe muſt from our ſelves proceed.

A. WINCHELSEA.

To Mr. *POPE* at Sixteen Years old; on Occaſion of his PASTORALS.

IN theſe more dull, as more cenſorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praiſe;
A Muſe ſincere, that never flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendſhip and deſert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verſe are found
Art ſtrengthning Nature, Senſe improv'd by Sound:

Unlike

Unlike thoſe Wits, whoſe numbers glide along
So ſmooth, no thought e'er interrupts the ſong:
Laboriouſly enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at beſt moſt muſically dull.
So purling ſtreams with even murmurs creep,
And huſh the heavy hearers into ſleep.
As ſmootheſt ſpeech is moſt deceitful found,
The ſmootheſt numbers oft' are empty found,
And leave our lab'ring fancy quite a-ground.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as youth, as age conſummate too:
Your ſtrains are regularly bold, and pleaſe
With unforc'd care, and unaffected eaſe,
With proper thoughts, and lively images:
Such as by Nature to the Ancients ſhown,
Fancy improves, and Judgment makes your own:
For great men's faſhions to be follow'd are,
Altho' diſgraceful 'tis their cloaths to wear.
Some in a poliſh'd ſtyle write Paſtoral,
Arcadia ſpeaks the language of the *Mall*,
Like ſome fair ſhepherdeſs, the ſylvan Muſe,
Deck'd in thoſe flow'rs her native fields produce;

With modeſt charms would in plain neatneſs pleaſe,
But ſeems a dowdy in the courtly dreſs,
Whoſe aukward finery allures us leſs.
But the true meaſure of the ſhepherd's wit,
Should, like his garb, be for the country fit;
Yet muſt his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common ſwains be wrought:
So, with becoming art, the Players dreſs
In ſilks, the ſhepherd, and the ſhepherdeſs;
Yet ſtill unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely ruſſet of the ſwain.
Your rural Muſe appears to juſtify
The long-loſt graces of ſimplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our ſenſe
With virgin charms, and native excellence.
Yet long her modeſty thoſe charms conceal'd,
Till by mens envy to the world reveal'd;
For Wits induſtrious to their trouble ſeem,
And needs will envy, what they muſt eſteem.
Live, and enjoy their ſpite! nor mourn that fate
Which would, if *Virgil* liv'd, on *Virgil* wait;
Whoſe Muſe did once, like thine in plains delight;
Thine ſhall, like his, ſoon take a higher flight;

So

So Larks, which firſt from lowly fields ariſe,
Mount by degrees, and reach at laſt the ſkies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

To Mr. *POPE*,

On the publiſhing his WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
The ſong of triumph, and attend his car.
Great *Sheffield*'s Muſe the long proceſſion heads,
And throws a luſtre o'er the pomp ſhe leads,
Firſt gives the palm ſhe fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and ſhows him how to reign.
Thus young *Alcides*, by old *Chiron* taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought;
Thus *Chiron* did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earneſt of a God.

But hark! what ſhouts, what gath'ring crouds rejoice;
Unſtain'd their praiſe by any venal voice,
Such as th' ambitious vainly think their due,
When proſtitutes or needy flatt'rers ſue.

And ſee the Chief: before him laurels born,
Trophies from undeſerving temples torn;
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy, dumb, and ſickning with deſpair;
Prone to the earth ſhe bends her loathing eye,
Weak to ſupport the blaze of majeſty.

But what are they that turn the ſacred page?
Three lovely virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd ſeem,
As he that met his likeneſs in the ſtream:
The *Graces* theſe; and ſee how they contend,
Who moſt ſhall praiſe, who beſt ſhall recommend?

The Chariot now the painful ſteep aſcends;
The *Pæans* ceaſe; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple ſtands,
Its proſpect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou chuſe,
What laurel'd Arch for thy triumphant Muſe?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his ſhrine,
Tho' ev'ry Laurel thro' the dome be thine;
(From the proud Epic, down to thoſe that ſhade
The gentler brow of the ſoft *Lesbian* maid)
Go to the Good and Juſt, an awful train,
Thy ſoul's delight, and glory of the Fane:

While

While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
" Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.

SIMON HARCOURT.

To Mr. *POPE.*

TO praiſe, and ſtill with juſt reſpect to praiſe
A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The Learn'd to ſhow, the Senſible commend,
Yet ſtill preſerve the province of the Friend,
What life, what vigour muſt the lines require?
What muſic tune them, what affection fire?
O might thy Genius in my boſom ſhine!
Thou ſhould'ſt not fail of numbers worthy thine;
The brighteſt Ancients might at once agree,
To ſing within my lays, and ſing of thee.
Horace himſelf would own thou doſt excell
In candid arts to play the Critic well.
Ovid himſelf might wiſh to ſing the Dame,
Whom *Windſor*-Foreſt ſees a gliding ſtream:

On

On ſilver feet, with annual oſier crown'd,
She runs for ever thro' Poetic ground.
How flame the glories of *Belinda*'s Hair,
Made by thy Muſe the envy of the Fair?
Leſs ſhone the treſſes *Ægypt*'s Princeſs wore,
Which ſweet *Callimachus* ſo ſung before.
Here courtly trifles ſet the world at odds;
Belles war with Beaux, and Whims deſcend for Gods.
The new Machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the Chimick fool.
But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The *Sylphs* and *Gnomes* are but a woman's heart.
The *Graces* ſtand in ſight; a *Satyr*-train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the ſcene.
In Fame's fair Temple o'er the boldeſt wits,
Inſhrin'd on high, the ſacred *Virgil* ſits,
And ſits in meaſures, ſuch as *Virgil*'s Muſe,
To place thee near him, might be fond to chuſe.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a *Strephon* thou, a *Daphnis* he;
While ſome old *Damon* o'er the vulgar wiſe,
Thinks he deſerves, and thou deſerv'ſt the Prize.
Rapt with the thought, my fancy ſeeks the plains,
And turns me ſhepherd while I hear the ſtrains.

Indulgent

Indulgent nurſe of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flow'rets, old *Arcadia* hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at eaſe I ſpread,
Here let thy Poplars whiſper o'er my head!
Still ſlide thy waters ſoft among the trees!
Thy Aſpins quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal ſpring!
Be huſh'd, ye winds! while *Pope* and *Virgil* ſing.
In *Engliſh* lays, and all ſublimely great,
Thy *Homer* warms with all his ancient heat;
He ſhines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with ev'ry ſenſe of great delight.
Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like Monarchs ſparkling on a diſtant throne;
In all the majeſty of *Greek* retir'd,
Himſelf unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden Oar,
When choak'd by ſinking banks, no more appear,
And ſhepherds only ſay, *The mines were here:*
Should ſome rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects ſtand inform'd with art)

Here

Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.
How vaſt, how copious are thy new deſigns!
How ev'ry Muſic varies in thy lines!
Still, as I read, I feel my boſom beat,
And riſe in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when ſummer dreſs'd the days,
When *Windſor* lent us tuneful hours of eaſe,
Our ears the lark, the thruſh, the turtle bleſt,
And *Philomela* ſweeteſt o'er the reſt:
The ſhades reſound with ſong——O ſoftly tread,
While a whole ſeaſon warbles round my head.
This to my friend—and when a friend inſpires,
My ſilent harp its maſter's hand requires,
Shakes off the duſt, and makes theſe rocks reſound;
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground.
Far from the joys that with my ſoul agree,
From wit, from learning——very far from thee.
Here moſs-grown trees expand the ſmalleſt leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a ſheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempeſt meet,
Rocks at their ſides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes, unconſcious of a flood,
Whoſe dull brown *Naiads* ever ſleep in mud.

Yet here Content can dwell, and learned eaſe,
A Friend delight me, and an Author pleaſe;
Ev'n here I ſing, when *Pope* ſupplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increaſe his fame.

T. PARNELL.

To Mr. *POPE*,

On his WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL, ſacred Bard! a Muſe unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak *Atlantic* ſhore.
To our dark world thy ſhining page is ſhown,
And *Windſor*'s gay retreat becomes our own.
The eaſtern pomp had juſt beſpoke our care,
And *India* pour'd her gawdy treaſures here:
A various ſpoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of *Perſia* glitter'd on our ſtrand,
And *China*'s Earth was caſt on common ſand.
Toſs'd up and down the gloſſy fragments lay,
And dreſt the rocky ſhelves, and pav'd the painted bay.

Thy

Thy treaſures next arriv'd: And now we boaſt
A nobler Cargo on our barren coaſt.
From thy luxuriant Foreſt we receive
More laſting glories than the Eaſt can give.
Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous ſcenes our buſy thoughts engage!
The pompous ſcenes in all their pride appear,
Freſh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half ſo true the fair *Lodona* ſhows
The ſylvan ſtate that on her border grows,
While ſhe the wond'ring ſhepherd entertains
With a new *Windſor* in her watry plains:
Thy juſter lays the lucid wave ſurpaſs;
The living ſcene is in the Muſe's glaſs.
Nor ſweeter notes the ecchoing Foreſts chear.
When *Philomela* ſits and warbles there,
Than when you ſing the greens, and opening glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades.
A *Titian*'s hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the Muſic too.
With vaſt variety thy pages ſhine;
A new creation ſtarts in ev'ry line.
How ſudden trees riſe to the reader's ſight,
And make a doubtful ſcene of ſhade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!

And here again what ſweet confuſion reigns,
In dreary deſerts mix'd with painted plains!
And ſee! the deſerts caſt a pleaſing gloom;
And ſhrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom:
Whilſt fruitful crops riſe by their barren ſide,
And bearded groves diſplay their annual pride.

Happy the man, who ſtrings his tuneful lyre,
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inſpire!
Thrice happy you, and worthy beſt to dwell
Amidſt the rural joys you ſing ſo well.
I, in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhime,
Here on the Weſtern beach attempt to chime!
O joyleſs flood! O rough tempeſtuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and ſolitudes obſcene!
Let me ne'er flow like thee! nor make thy ſtream
My ſad example, or my wretched theme.
Like bombaſt now thy raging billows roar,
And vainly daſh themſelves againſt the ſhore:
About like quibbles now thy froth is thrown,
And all extreams are in a moment ſhown.

Snatch me, ye Gods! from theſe *Atlantic* ſhores,
And ſhelter me in *Windſor*'s fragrant Bow'rs;

Or

Or to my much-lov'd *Iſis'* walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay:
Thence let me view the venerable ſcene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green;
Where ſacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muſes to the ſylvan ſeat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Claſſic ſtore,
And made that Muſic which was noiſe before.
There with illuſtrious Bards I ſpent my days,
Nor free from cenſure, nor unknown to praiſe;
Enjoy'd the bleſſings that his reign beſtow'd,
Nor envy'd *Windſor* in the ſoft abode.
The golden minutes ſmoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day.
They ſung, nor ſung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That *Maro* taught, or *Addiſon* inſpir'd.
Ev'n I eſſay'd to touch the trembling ſtring:
Who cou'd hear them, and not attempt to ſing?
Rouz'd from theſe dreams by thy commanding ſtrain,
I riſe, and wander thro' the field or plain;
Led by thy Muſe from ſport to ſport I run,
Mark the ſtretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I ſpy
On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheaſant lie;

His

His gaudy robes in dazling lines appear,
And ev'ry feather ſhines and varies there.
Nor can I paſs the gen'rous courſer by,
But while the prancing ſteed allures my eye,
He ſtarts, he's gone! and now I ſee him fly
O'er hills and dales; and now I loſe the courſe,
Nor can the rapid ſight purſue the flying horſe.
Oh! cou'd thy *Virgil* from his orb look down,
He'd view a courſer that might match his own!
Fir'd with the ſport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs ſtop me in the race.
Who can refuſe *Lodona*'s melting tale?
The ſoft complaint ſhall over time prevail;
The tale be told, when ſhades forſake her ſhore,
The nymph be ſung, when ſhe can flow no more.
Nor ſhall thy ſong, old *Thames*! forbear to ſhine,
At once the ſubject and the ſong divine.
Peace, ſung by thee, ſhall pleaſe ev'n *Britains* more
Than all their ſhouts for *Victory* before.
Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy ſtream,
The world ſhould tremble at her awful name.
From various ſprings divided waters glide,
In diff'rent currents roll a diff'rent tide,

Murmur

Murmur along their crooked banks a-while,
At once they murmur and enrich the Iſle;
A while diſtinct thro' many channels run,
But meet at laſt, and ſweetly flow in one;
There joy to loſe their long diſtinguiſh'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAPP.

To Mr. *POPE*,

In imitation of a *Greek* Epigram on HOMER.

WHEN *Phœbus*, and the nine harmonious maids,
Of old aſſembled in the *Theſpian* ſhades;
What Theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befit theſe harps to ſound, and thee to hear?
Reply'd the God; Your loftieſt notes employ,
To ſing young *Peleus*, and the Fall of *Troy*.
The wond'rous ſong, with rapture they rehearſe;
Then aſk, who wrought that miracle of verſe?
He anſwer'd, with a frown; I now reveal
A truth, that Envy bids me not conceal:

Retiring

Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,
I warbled to the Lyre that fav'rite tale,
Which, unobſerv'd, a wand'ring *Greek*, and blind,
Heard me repeat, and treaſur'd in his mind;
And fir'd with thirſt of more than mortal praiſe,
From me, the God of Wit, uſurp'd the bays.

But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
Proud with celeſtial ſpoils to grace her name;
Yet when my arts ſhall triumph in the Weſt,
And the White Iſle with female pow'r is bleſt;
Fame, I foreſee, will make repriſals there,
And the Tranſlator's Palm to me transfer.
With leſs regret my claim I now decline,
The world will think his *Engliſh Iliad* mine.

E. FENTON.

To

To Mr. *POPE*,

On his TRANSLATION of HOMER.

'TIS true what fam'd *Pythagoras* maintain'd,
That Souls departed in new Bodies reign'd;
We muſt approve the doctrine; ſince we ſee
The Soul of godlike *Homer* breathe in thee.
Old *Ennius* firſt, then *Virgil* felt her fires;
But now a *Britiſh* Poet ſhe inſpires.
To you, O *Pope!* the lineal right extends,
To you th' hereditary Muſe deſcends.
At a vaſt diſtance we of *Homer* heard,
Till you brought in, and nat'raliz'd the Bard;
Bade him our *Engliſh* rights and freedom claim,
His voice, his habit, and his air the ſame:
Now in the mighty Stranger we rejoice,
And *Britain* thanks thee with a publick voice.
See too the Poet, a majeſtick ſhade
Lifts up with ſacred awe his lawrel'd head,

To

To thank his ſucceſſor, who ſets him free
From the vile hands of *Hobs* and *Ogilby*,
Who vex'd his venerable aſhes more,
Than his ungrateful *Greece* the living Bard before.

When *Homer*'s thoughts in thy bold lines are ſhown,
Tho' worlds contend, we claim him for our own:
Our beardleſs boys proud *Ilion*'s fate bewail,
Our liſping babes repeat the dreadful tale;
Ev'n in their ſlumbers they purſue the theme,
Start, and enjoy a fight in e'ery dream.
By turns the Chief or Bard their ſouls inflame,
And ev'ry little boſom beats for fame.
Thus ſhall they learn (as future times will ſee)
From him to conquer, or to write from thee.
In ev'ry hand we ſee the glorious Song,
And *Homer* is the theme of ev'ry tongue;
Parties in ſtate, poetick ſchemes employ,
And Whig and Tory ſide with *Greece* or *Troy*;
Neglect their feuds, and ſeem more zealous grown
To puſh thoſe countries int'reſts than their own.
Our buſieſt politicians have forgot
How *Sommers* counſel'd, and how *Marlbro'* fought;
But o'er their ſettling coffee gravely tell,
What *Neſtor* ſpoke, and how brave *Hector* fell:

How

How ſly *Ulyſſes* play'd his ſtateman's tricks,
And where themſelves could mend *his* politicks.
Ev'n the ſoft beaux and coxcombs you inſpire,
With *Glaucus'* courage, and *Achilles'* fire.
Now they reſent affronts which once they bore,
And draw thoſe ſwords, which ne'er were drawn before.
Nay, ev'n our *Belles* inform'd what *Homer* writ,
Learn thence to criticiſe on modern wit.

Let the mad criticks to their ſide engage
The envy, pride, and dullneſs of the age.
In vain they curſe, in vain repine and mourn,
Back on themſelves their arrows will return.
Live, and enjoy their ſpite, and ſhare that fate,
Which would, if Homer *liv'd, on* Homer *wait.*

At length his ſecond labour claims thy care:
Ulyſſes' toils ſucceed *Achilles'* war,
Haſte to the work: the ladies long to ſee
The pious frauds of chaſte *Penelope*;
(*Helen* they long have ſeen, whoſe guilty charms
For ten whole years engag'd the world in arms.)
Then, as thy fame ſhall ſee a length of days,
Some future Bard ſhall thus record thy praiſe:
" In thoſe bleſt times, when ſmiling heav'n and fate
" Had rais'd *Britannia* to her happieſt ſtate;

" When

" When wide around ſhe ſaw the world ſubmit,
" And own'd her ſons ſupreme in arms and wit:
" Then *Pope* and *Dryden* brought in triumph home,
" The pride of *Greece*, and ornament of *Rome*:
" To the great work each bold tranſlator came,
" With *Virgil*'s judgment, and with *Homer*'s flame.
" Here the pleas'd *Mantuan* ſwan was taught to ſoar,
" Where ſcarce the *Roman* eagles towr'd before.
" And *Greece* no more was *Homer*'s native earth,
" Tho' her ſeven rival cities claim'd his birth.
" On her ſev'n cities *he* look'd down with ſcorn,
" And own'd with pride he was in *Britain* born.

CHRIST. PITT.



To

To Mr. *POPE.*

WHEN firſt thy Muſe, in tuneful rural ſtrains,
Sung *Windſor*'s foreſts, and her flow'ry plains,
A tyrant's fall, *Britannia*'s happy ſtate,
Granville's high worth, and bright *Lodona*'s fate;
Smit with thy lays, we join'd the *Sylvan* throng,
And heard with rapture the enchanting ſong,
The raviſh'd fancy, thro' the painted meads,
Travels well-pleas'd, where'er thy muſick leads.
Here the rich ſoil a plenteous harveſt yields,
There bleating flocks impreſs the verdant fields;
Wide ſpreading oaks advance their heads on high,
And *Thames*, in ſilence, rowls majeſtick by.

But leſt we praiſe or cenſure without art,
Thy own beſt rules thou kindly didſt impart;
By that *Eſſay* we try thy unmix'd lines;
No droſs appears, but the pure ſterling ſhines.

When, to unbend, ſome lighter theme you chuſe,
Invoking to your aid the ſportive muſe;

Th' at-

Th' attentive goddeſs, to your eyes confeſt,
Stands in gay thoughts and ſprightly fancy dreſt,
With mimick grief *Belinda*'s loſs declares,
While ev'ry heart *Belinda*'s lock enſnares.

Next we behold, with wonder and ſurprize,
High on a rock, Fame's glorious Temple riſe;
There may we view, in ſhining order plac'd,
The mighty dead who former ages grac'd;
Homer, with holy fillets bound, we ſee,
And ſure not far a ſeat reſerv'd for thee.

Thus pleas'd and taught, we read you with delight;
But ſtill you meditate a loftier flight:
Now ſoaring high, you ſtretch upon the wing,
In daring ſtrains the Prince of verſe to ſing.
The vaſt deſign, alike by all admir'd,
With hopes of prey voracious criticks fir'd;
The buſy witling the attempt explodes,
Banters the Muſe, and ridicules the Gods;
Envy the grateful tale rejoycing heard;
And with a kind concern, *Good-nature* fear'd.
Pardon our fears; for, tho' we knew thee ſtrong,
This ſtood confeſt th' inimitable ſong.

What none attempted, or attempting ſwerv'd,
By fate's decree was for thy pen reſerv'd;

You, only you! the fierce *Mæonian* ſteed
Mount with ſucceſs, and laſh him to his ſpeed;
Firm in your ſeat, direct his noble force,
And with unerring judgment, mark the courſe.
Homer's great ſoul in ev'ry line we ſee;
For if he ſometimes nods, he's rouz'd by thee.

With joy proceed! aſſur'd thy laſting name
Shall ſhine for ever in the liſts of fame.
Thee we confeſs the glory of our iſles,
And on thy work bright *Carolina* ſmiles.

But when one moment thou doſt lightly ſpend,
Indulgent to theſe humble ſtrains, attend
The thanks and wiſhes of a grateful friend.

To Mr. *POPE.*

TELL me, by what commanding wond'rous art
Doſt thou each paſſion to each breaſt impart?
Our beating hearts with ſprightly meaſures move,
Or melt us with a tale of hapleſs love?
Th' elated mind's impetuous ſtarts controul,
Or gently ſooth to peace the troubled ſoul?

Graces

Graces 'till now that ſingly met our view,
And ſingly charm'd, unite at once in you.
A ſtyle polite, from affectation free;
Virgil's correctneſs, *Homer*'s majeſty;
Soft *Waller*'s eaſe with *Milton*'s vigour wrought,
And *Spencer*'s bold luxuriancy of thought.
No borrow'd tinſel glitters o'er theſe lays,
And to the mind a falſe delight conveys;
Throughout the whole with blended power is found
The weight of ſenſe and elegance of ſound.
How beautifully juſt the turns appear!
The language how majeſtically clear!
Loſt in delights, my dazzled eyes I turn
Where *Thames* leans hoary o'er his ample urn,
Where his rich waves fair *Windſor* tow'rs ſurround,
And bounteous ruſh amid poetic ground.
O *Windſor!* ſacred be thy bliſsful ſeats,
Thy ſylvan ſhades, the muſes lov'd retreats,
Thy riſing hills, low vales, and waving woods,
Thy ſunny glades, and celebrated floods;
But chief *Lodona*'s ſilver tides, that flow
Cold and unſully'd as the mountain ſnow;
Whoſe virgin name no time nor change can hide,
Tho' ev'n her ſpotleſs waves ſhould ceaſe to glide;

Still ſhall ſhe laſt, thy muſe's happy theme,
Still ſhine a blooming maid, and roll a limpid ſtream.

Go on, and with thy own reſiſtleſs art,
Rule each emotion of the various heart;
The ſpring and teſt of verſe unrival'd reign,
And the full honours of thy youth maintain:
In judgment o'er our fav'rite follies ſit,
And ſoften wiſdom's harſh reproofs to wit.

Now war and arms thy mighty aid demand,
And *Homer* wakes beneath thy powerful hand:
His vigour, genuine heat, and manly force,
In thee riſe worthy of their ſacred ſource;
His ſpirit heighten'd, yet his ſenſe entire,
As gold runs purer from the trying fire.
Oh for a muſe like thine, while I rehearſe
Th' immortal beauties of thy various verſe!
Now light as air th' enliv'ning numbers move,
Soft as the downy plumes of fabled love;
Gay as the ſtreaks that ſtain the gaudy bow;
Smooth as *Meander*'s cryſtal mirrors flow.

But when *Achilles*, panting for the war,
Joins the fleet courſers to the whirling car;
When the warm hero, with celeſtial might,
Augments the terror of the raging fight;

From his fierce eyes refulgent light'nings ſtream,
(As *Sol* emerging darts a golden gleam)
In rough hoarſe verſe we ſee th' embattled foes,
In each loud ſtrain the fiery onſet glows:
With ſtrength redoubled here *Achilles* ſhines,
And all the battle thunders in thy lines.

So the bright magick of the painter's hand
Can cities, ſtreams, or far-ſtretch'd plains command:
Here ſpreading woods embrown the beauteous ſcene;
There the wide landſcape ſmiles with livelier green;
The floating glaſs reflects the diſtant ſky,
And o'er the whole the glancing ſun-beams fly;
Buds open and diſcloſe their inmoſt ſhade;
The ripen'd harveſt crowns the level glade.
But when the artiſt does a work deſign,
Where bolder rage informs each breathing line;
When the ſtretch'd cloth a rougher ſtroke receives,
And *Cæſar* awful in the canvas lives;
When art, like laviſh nature's ſelf, ſupplies
Grace to the limbs, and ſpirit to the eyes;
When ev'n the paſſions of the mind are ſeen,
And the ſoul ſpeaks in the exalted mien;
When all is juſt, and regular, and great,
We own the mighty maſter's ſkill, as boundleſs, as compleat.

To Mr. *POPE*,

Upon his tranſlation of HOMER's Iliad.

AND haſt thou then perform'd the mighty taſk?
No farther favours from thy muſe we'll aſk:
Our wonder much, our reverence more you raiſe;
Divine the work, and endleſs be the praiſe.

Fame, as at firſt, again her trump ſhall ſound,
And ſpread the news both earth and heav'n around.
When now revolv'd were nigh three thouſand years,
Th' *Ionian* ſtar returns, and re-appears;
On *Thameſis*, as on fair *Meles'* ſhore,
With awe we hear *Homeric* thunder roar.
Riſe, *Britains*, riſe, with reverence confeſs
The godlike ſtranger, and his godlike dreſs.
Then liſten while the Bard mellifluous ſings
Loud to his *Albion* harp, with golden ſtrings,
Of routed empires, and of ruin'd kings.
In fulleſt tides the muſick ebbs and flows,
As up and down the trembling ſcale he goes;

At

At will the maſter with our paſſions plays,
Our hopes, our fears, our joy, our grief can raiſe,
Chaſes, retrieves, with eaſe their force controuls,
Thro' all the ſecret windings of our ſouls:
Now we attack, and now we routed fly,
And in his ſongs by turns we live and die.

See, how the *Argive* fleet along the ſhore
Sullen abides the waves tumultuous roar!
The *Greeks* in ſwarms deſcending on the land
Pitch their tall tents, and whiten all the ſtrand:
Wiſe *Agamemnon*, with a monarch's care,
Surveys the hoſt, and ponders all the war.

Ilion's proud city next in proſpect comes,
With all her glitt'ring ſpires, and lofty domes,
Her well-mann'd battlements, and rocky walls;
But doom'd by righteous *Nemeſis* ſhe falls;
Walls, battlements, ſpires, temples, all reſign
To *Helen*'s impious luſt, tho' built by hands divine.

There face to face the various chiefs we view,
Arms, habits, manners, all ſo nicely true,
That *Hector* and *Achilles* we enjoy,
As if we dwelt on *Ida*, or in *Troy*;
Attend 'em at their banquets, bus'neſs, ſports;
See how they live in cities, camps, and courts;

Their houſes, tents, their temples and abodes;
Their mortal friendſhips, and auxiliar gods;
But chief admire the dreadful pomp of war,
The creſted helmet, and the glitt'ring ſpear,
The prancing, foaming ſteed, and thund'ring iron car:
The pride of *Aſia*'s monarchs to confound,
And daſh their haughty ſcepters to the ground.
The direful tumult of the ſlaughtering fight
So well you image, and record ſo right,
My fury kindles while the verſe I read,
And fancy acts each bold heroick deed;
Following with rage, where'er loud conqueſt calls,
We drive in flocks the *Phrygians* to their walls;
Then burſt the gates, with every bolt and bar,
And give a looſe to victory and war:
Death, like a deluge, round the city pours,
The vengeful ſword with luxury devours;
The whirling fires aloft their fury raiſe,
The houſes, temples, gods, with flames redundant blaze:
Shrieks, ſhouts, laments, and groans all mingled riſe,
And heave the deſolation to the ſkies:

Thus

Thus *Ilion* falls a heap of blood and duſt,
The vengeance due for robbery and luſt.
O! thou divine interpreter! I riſe
With flagging wings to trace thee thro' the ſkies.
Ye ſervile imitators! be accurſt,
The *Iliad* who profan'd preſumptuous firſt;
The ſenſe perverted, and the numbers lam'd,
And the ſublimeſt verſe to doggrel damn'd;
But you (ſo *Jove* omnipotent decreed)
The royal captive from his fetters freed;
Bound with triumphant lawrels back you bring
The Poets awful, injur'd, exil'd king:
Congratulant along the flow'r-ſtrew'd way,
We willing own his rightful, lawful ſway.
As two ſmooth oars with time exacteſt ſweep
The glaſſy ſurface of the yielding deep,
With even motion fall, with even riſe,
The veſſel eaſy cuts the watry ſkies:
Thus *Homer*, *Pope*, in ſenſe and ſound the ſame,
Together ſtart, and wing the flight of fame:
Strong and ſublime, ſonorous, ſoft, and ſweet,
Majeſtick images, with eaſy wit;
The ſolid judgment, and the ſparkling fire;
And what in him ſo juſtly we admire,

The

The ſame in thee the raviſh'd reader finds;
Such is the union of celeſtial minds!
Thy merit, as a poet, all confeſs,
Nor is thy merit, as a critic, leſs.
We ſee what ſenſe and learning ſtrow the way,
When *Homer*, as a ſcholar, you diſplay,
His inmoſt meanings vigilant explore,
And his true, genuine, ſterling ſenſe reſtore;
His country rites and cuſtoms well explain,
With all the ſcruples of the grammar train;
Retouching all his beauties, where they fade,
We bleſs the light refulgent thro' the ſhade.
Thus in your notes, as in your ſelf, you blend
The ſcholar, critic, man of ſenſe, and friend.
As ſome wiſe rider of a mettled horſe
Tempers his fury, and directs his force,
Unbends his neck, to eaſe the raging veins,
The ſnaffle ſhifts, to cool the kindling reins,
Reſerves a ſtock of vigour for the laſt,
When his proud rivals emulate his haſte:
So your bold author wiſely you reclaim,
Nor ſuffer him with too much heat to flame;
Spur, when he flaggs; ſo check or ſhake the rein,
And to the laſt his conquering ſpeed retain:

The

The ſtables of the Sun ſuch courſers breed,
Of ſtrength unweary'd, and unſlack'ning ſpeed.
As ſome firm rock, amidſt the ocean braves
The riſing tempeſts, and the roaring waves;
This way, and that, they bellow, daſh, and fly,
And whirl the main in billows to the ſky:
But he aloft, calm and ſerene ſurveys
The madding tumult of th' embattel'd ſeas:
So ſhall thy muſe unviolated ſtand
By all the malice of this barb'rous land;
For Envy —— that, from Poets, is your fate;
The darling ſon has ſtill his brethrens hate:
But oh! be warn'd, ye Critics! ceaſe your ſpite;
No more in unavailing leagues unite;
Timely diſperſe, and quit the mad deſign!
Break all your engines of aſſault and mine!
Your notes, remarks, exceptions, cavils tear!
As well the pygmies againſt *Jove* may war;
Your efforts all will fruitleſs prove and vain,
And *Pope*, like *Homer*, undepos'd ſhall reign;
While you, rewarded juſt as you deſerve,
From *Zoilus* down to *Gildon*, rail and ſtarve.

A. EVANS, D. D.

To Mr. *POPE*,

Upon the edition of his WORKS 1725.

LET vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
Or ſpeaking marbles to record their praiſe;
And picture (to the voice of fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing ſtone;
Mere mortals! ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day.

'Tis thine, on ev'ry *heart* to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which *worth* alone can raiſe;
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt:
Nor 'till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt thou and *Homer* dye:
Then ſink together in the world's laſt fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inſpires.

If ought on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead:

Shakeſpear

Shakeſpear rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So *Tully* publiſh'd what *Lucretius* wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy lawrels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.

Thus, when thy draughts, O *Raphael!* time invades;
And the bold figure from the canvaſs fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While each fair image ſtarts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had *Homer's* ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire?
This you beheld! and, taught by heav'n to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring;
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more * *Achilles'* in dread pomp appears,
Tow'rs o'er the field of death, as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the Hero burns;
His plume nods horrible, his helm on high
With cheeks of iron glares againſt the ſky;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, he meets the Gods in fight:

* *The Iliad.*

Then

Then the pale *Titans*, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores;
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, earth rocks her coaſts,
And gloomy *Pluto* ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To ev'ry theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here rowls a torrent, there mæanders play;
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and dye.
How twangs the bow, when with a jarring ſpring
The whizzing arrows vaniſh from the ſtring?
Swift runs thy verſe, when glancing lightnings fly,
Flaſh from the dazzled view, and dart along the ſky;
But when a giant ſtrains ſome rock to ſhove,
The ſlow verſe heaves, and the clogg'd words ſcarce move:
Or when from high it rolls with many a bound,
Jumping it thund'ring whirls, and ruſhes to the ground.
Thus, like the radiant God, who ſheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And while, with ev'ry theme the verſe complies,
Sink, without grov'ling, without raſhneſs, riſe.

Proceed

Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all *Homer!* ſtill *Ulyſſes* ſing.
How long * that hero, by unſkillful hands,
Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands?
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior loſt?
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread,
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head,
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind;
But you, like *Pallas*, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.
Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſes train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Advent'rous waken the *Mæonian* lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire:
So arm'd by great *Achilles* for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in *Achilles'* right:
Like theirs, our friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united—— for thy friendſhip's fame.
This labour paſt, of heavenly ſubjects ſing,
While hov'ring angels liſten on the wing;

* *Odyſſey, lib.* 16.

To

To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt rapture riſe,
As when they ſing ſuſpended hold the ſkies;
Or nobly riſing in fair virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws;
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend,
To verſe like thine, fierce ſavages attend;
And men more fierce! when *Orpheus* tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

Non injuſſa cano: Te noſtræ, Vare, *myricæ,*
Te Nemus *omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla eſt*
Quàm ſibi quæ Vari *præſcripſit pagina nomen.*
VIRG. Ecl. 6.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

THY foreſts *Windſor!* and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muſe's ſeats,
Invite my lays. Be preſent Sylvan maids!
Unlock your ſprings, and open all your ſhades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muſes, bring!
What Muſe for *Granville* can refuſe to ſing?
The groves of *Eden*, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
Live in deſcription, and look green in ſong:
Theſe, were my breaſt inſpir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, ſhould be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water ſeem to ſtrive again.

Not *Chaos*-like together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
But as the world, harmoniouſly confus'd:
Where order in variety we ſee,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As ſome coy nymph her lover's warm addreſs
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs.
There, interſpers'd in lawns and opening glades,
Thin Trees ariſe that ſhun each others ſhades.
Here in full light the ruſſet plains extend:
There wrap'd in clouds the blewiſh hills aſcend:
Ev'n the wild heath diſplays her purple dyes,
And 'midſt the deſert fruitful fields ariſe,
That crown'd with tufted trees and ſpringing corn,
Like verdant iſles the ſable waſte adorn.
Let *India* boaſt her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree;
While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which thoſe trees adorn.
Not proud *Olympus* yields a nobler ſight,
Tho' Gods aſſembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe Gods appear.

See *Pan* with flocks, with fruits *Pomona* crown'd;
Here bluſhing *Flora* paints th' enamell'd grown'd;
Here *Ceres'* gifts in waving proſpect ſtand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand.
Rich Induſtry ſits ſmiling on the plains,
And Peace and Plenty tell, a *Stuart* reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages paſt,
A dreary deſert and a gloomy waſte,
To ſavage beaſts and * ſavage laws a prey,
And Kings more furious and ſevere than they:
Who claim'd the ſkies, diſpeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods.
Cities laid waſte, they ſtorm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiſer brutes were backward to be ſlaves)
What could be free, when lawleſs beaſts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant ſway'd?
In vain kind ſeaſons ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Soft ſhow'rs diſtill'd, and ſuns grew warm in vain;
The ſwain with tears to beaſts his labour yields,
And famiſh'd dies amidſt his ripen'd fields.
No wonder ſavages or ſubjects ſlain
Were equal crimes in a deſpotic reign.

* *The Foreſt Laws.*

Both doom'd alike for ſportive tyrants bled;
But ſubjects ſtarv'd, while ſavages were fed.
Proud *Nimrod* firſt the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
Our haughty *Norman* boaſts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling ſlaves the royal game.
The † fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o're;
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
Round broken columns claſping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin ſtalk'd the ſtately hind;
The fox obſcene to gaping tombs retires,
And wolves with howling fill the ſacred quires.
Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curſt,
Th' oppreſſor rul'd tyrannick where he durſt,
Stretch'd o'er the Poor, and Church, his iron rod,
And treats alike his Vaſſals, and his God.
Whom ev'n the *Saxon* ſpar'd, and bloody *Dane*,
The wanton victims of his Sport remain.
But ſee the man whoſe ſpacious regions gave
A waſte for beaſts, himſelf deny'd a grave!

† *Alluding to the new foreſt, and the tyrannies exercis'd there by* William I.

Stretch'd

Stretch'd on the lawn his * ſecond hope ſurvey,
At once the chaſer and at once the prey.
Lo *Rufus*, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the foreſt, like a wounded hart!
Succeeding Monarchs heard the ſubjects cries,
Nor ſaw diſpleas'd the peaceful cottage riſe.
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er ſandy wilds were yellow harveſts ſpread;
The foreſts wonder'd at th' unuſual grain,
And ſecret tranſport touch'd the conſcious ſwain.
Fair Liberty, *Britannia*'s Goddeſs, rears
Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous ſwains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer ſpirits ſwell the ſprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the thickeſt woods beſet,
Wind the ſhrill horn, or ſpread the waving net.
When milder autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And in the new-ſhorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready ſpaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds,
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd cloſe he lies, and meditates the prey;

* William Rufus *ſecond ſon of* William *the Conqueror.*

Secure they truſt th' unfaithful field, beſet,
Till hov'ring o'er 'em ſweeps the ſwelling net.
Thus (if ſmall things we may with great compare)
When *Albion* ſends her eager ſons to war,
Pleas'd, in the Gen'rals ſight the hoſt lie down
Sudden, before ſome unſuſpecting town,
The captive race one inſtant makes our prize,
And high in air *Britannia*'s ſtandard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheaſant ſprings,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his gloſſy, varying dies,
His purple creſt, and ſcarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his ſhining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breaſt that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moiſt *Arcturus* clouds the ſky,
The woods and fields their pleaſing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare.
(Beaſts taught by us, their fellow-beaſts purſue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)
With ſlaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When froſts have whiten'd all the naked groves;

Where

Where doves in flocks the leafleſs trees o'erſhade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a ſhort thunder breaks the frozen ſky:
Oft', as in airy rings they ſkim the heath,
The clam'rous plovers feel the leaden death:
Oft', as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial ſpring, beneath the quiv'ring ſhade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fiſher takes his ſilent ſtand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the ſcaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
Our plenteous ſtreams a various race ſupply;
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of *Tyrian* die,
The ſilver eel in ſhining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp in ſcales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diverſify'd with crimſon ſtains,
And pykes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now *Cancer* glows with *Phœbus'* fiery car;
The youth ruſh eager to the ſylvan war;
Swarm o'er the lawns, the foreſt walks ſurround,
Rowze the fleet hart, and chear the op'ning hound.

Th' impatient courſer pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods appear already croſs'd,
And e're he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt.
See! the bold youth ſtrain up the threat'ning ſteep,
Ruſh thro' the thickets, down the vallies ſweep,
Hang o'er their courſers heads with eager ſpeed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying ſteed.
Let old *Arcadia* boaſt her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntreſs, and her virgin train,
Nor envy, *Windſor!* ſince thy ſhades have ſeen
As bright a Goddeſs, and as chaſte a Queen;
Whoſe care, like hers, protects the ſylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empreſs of the main.
Here, as old bards have ſung, *Diana* ſtray'd,
Bath'd in the ſpring, or ſought the cooling ſhade;
Here arm'd with ſilver bows, in early dawn,
Her buſkin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the reſt, a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, *Thames!* the fair *Lodona* nam'd,
(*Lodona*'s fate, in long oblivion caſt,
The Muſe ſhall ſing, and what ſhe ſings ſhall laſt;)
Scarce could the Goddeſs from her nymph be known,
But by the creſcent and the golden zone:

She

She ſcorn'd the praiſe of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waſte, a fillet binds her hair,
A painted quiver on her ſhoulder ſounds,
And with her dart the flying deer ſhe wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chace the maid
Beyond the foreſt's verdant limits ſtray'd,
Pan ſaw and lov'd; and burning with deſire
Purſu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid ſky;
Not half ſo ſwiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the God ſhe flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, ſinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now cloſe behind his ſounding ſteps ſhe hears;
And now his ſhadow reach'd her as ſhe run,
(His ſhadow lengthen'd by the ſetting ſun)
And now his ſhorter breath, with ſultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father *Thames* ſhe calls for aid,
Nor cou'd *Diana* help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathleſs, thus ſhe pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
" Ah *Cynthia*! ah—tho' baniſh'd from thy train,

" Let me, O let me, to the ſhades repair,
" My native ſhades—there weep, and murmur there.
She ſaid, and melting as in tears ſhe lay,
In a ſoft, ſilver ſtream diſſolv'd away:
The ſilver ſtream her virgin coldneſs keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the * name the hapleſs virgin bore,
And bathes the foreſt where ſhe rang'd before.
In her chaſte current oft' the Goddeſs laves,
And with celeſtial tears augments the waves.
Oft' in her glaſs the muſing ſhepherd ſpies
The headlong mountains, and the downward ſkies,
The watry landſkip of the pendant woods,
And abſent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are ſeen,
And floating foreſts paint the waves with green.
Thro' the fair ſcene roll ſlow the ling'ring ſtreams,
Then foaming pour along, and ruſh into the *Thames*.

Thou too, great father of the *Britiſh* floods!
With joyful pride ſurvey our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their ſpreading honours rear,
And future navies on thy banks appear.

* *The river* Loddon.

Not

Not *Neptune*'s ſelf from all his floods receives
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
No ſeas ſo rich, ſo full no ſtreams appear,
No lake ſo gentle, and no ſpring ſo clear.
Not fabled *Po* more ſwells the Poet's lays,
While thro' the ſkies his ſhining current ſtrays,
Than thine, which viſits *Windſor*'s fam'd abodes,
To grace the manſion of our earthly Gods:
Nor all his ſtars a brighter luſtre ſhow,
Than the fair nymphs that gild thy ſhore below:
Here *Jove* himſelf, ſubdu'd by beauty ſtill,
Might change *Olympus* for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His ſov'reign favours, and his countrey loves!
Happy next him, who to theſe ſhades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muſe inſpires,
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet pleaſe,
Succeſſive ſtudy, exerciſe, and eaſe.
He gathers health from herbs the foreſt yields,
And of their fragant phyſick ſpoils the fields:
With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic ſouls of flow'rs.
Now marks the courſe of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye:

Of

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned ſtore,
Conſults the dead, and lives paſt ages o'er.
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the ſilent wood,
Attends the duties of the wiſe and good,
T'obſerve a mean, be to himſelf a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end.
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free ſoul expatiate in the ſkies,
Amid her kindred ſtars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confeſs her home!
Such was the life great *Scipio* once admir'd,
Thus *Atticus*, and *Trumbal* thus retir'd.

Ye ſacred nine! that all my ſoul poſſeſs,
Whoſe raptures fire me, and whoſe viſions bleſs,
Bear me, oh bear me to ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
To bowry mazes, and ſurrounding greens;
To *Thames*'s banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muſes ſport on *Cooper*'s hill.
(On *Cooper*'s hill eternal wreaths ſhall grow,
While laſts the mountain, or while *Thames* ſhall flow)
I ſeem thro' conſecrated walks to rove,
And hear ſoft muſick dye along the grove;
Led by the ſound I roam from ſhade to ſhade,
By god-like Poets venerable made:

Here

Here his firſt lays majeſtick *Denham* ſung;
There the laſt numbers flow'd from **Cowley*'s tongue.
O early loſt! what tears the river ſhed,
When the ſad pomp along his banks was led?
His drooping ſwans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muſe's lyre.

Since Fate relentleſs ſtopp'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the foreſts ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now ſhall charm the ſhades, where *Cowley* ſtrung
His living harp, and lofty *Denham* ſung?
But hark! the groves rejoyce, the foreſt rings!
Are theſe reviv'd? or is it *Granville* ſings?

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bleſs our ſoft retreats,
And call the Muſes to their ancient ſeats,
To paint anew the flow'ry ſylvan ſcenes,
To crown the foreſts with immortal greens,
Make *Windſor*-hills in lofty numbers riſe,
And lift her turrets nearer to the ſkies;
To ſing thoſe honours you deſerve to wear,
And add new luſtre to her ſilver Star.

* *Mr.* Cowley *died at* Chertſey *on the borders of the foreſt, and was from thence convey'd to* Weſtminſter.

Here

Here noble * *Surrey* felt the ſacred rage,
Surrey, the *Granville* of a former age:
Matchleſs his pen, victorious was his lance;
Bold in the liſts, and graceful in the dance:
In the ſame ſhades the *Cupids* tun'd his lyre,
To the ſame notes, of love, and ſoft deſire:
Fair *Geraldine*, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly *Myra* now.

Oh would'ſt thou ſing what heroes *Windſor* bore,
What kings firſt breath'd upon her winding ſhore,
Or raiſe old warriors, whoſe ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With † *Edward*'s acts adorn the ſhining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
Draw Monarchs chain'd, and *Creſſi*'s glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal ſhield.
Then, from her roofs when *Verrio*'s colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy ſong ſhould vanquiſh'd *France* appear,
And bleed for ever under *Britain*'s ſpear.

* Henry Howard *E. of* Surrey, *one of the firſt refiners of the* Engliſh *Poetry; who flouriſhed in the time of* Henry VIII.
† Edward III. *born here.*

Let

Let ſofter ſtrains ill-fated * *Henry* mourn,
And palms eternal flouriſh round his urn,
Here o'er the Martyr-king the marble weeps;
And faſt beſide him, once-fear'd † *Edward* ſleeps:
Whom not th' extended *Albion* could contain,
From old *Belerium* to the northern main,
The grave unites; where ev'n the great find reſt,
And blended lie th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt!
Make ſacred *Charles*'s tomb for ever known,
(Obſcure the place, and uninſcrib'd the ſtone,)
Oh fact accurſt! what tears has *Albion* ſhed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have bled?
She ſaw her ſons with purple deaths expire,
Her ſacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful ſeries of inteſtine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and diſhoneſt ſcars.
At length great *Anna* ſaid——Let diſcord ceaſe!
She ſaid, the world obey'd, and all was peace.
In that bleſt moment, from his oozy bed
Old father *Thames* advanc'd his rev'rend head;
His treſſes dropp'd with dews, and o'er the ſtream
His ſhining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:

* Henry VI. † Edward IV.

Grav'd

Grav'd on his urn, appear'd the moon that guides
His ſwelling waters, and alternate tydes;
The figur'd ſtreams in waves of ſilver roll'd,
And on their banks *Auguſta* roſe in gold.
Around his throne the ſea-born brothers ſtood,
That ſwell with tributary urns his flood.
Firſt the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding *Iſis* and the fruitful *Tame*:
The *Kennet* ſwift, for ſilver eels renown'd;
The *Loddon* ſlow, with verdant alders crown'd:
Cole, whoſe clear ſtreams his flowry iſlands lave;
And chalky *Wey*, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue tranſparent *Vandalis* appears:
The gulphy *Lee* his ſedgy treſſes rears:
And ſullen *Mole*, that hides his diving flood;
And ſilent *Darent*, ſtain'd with *Daniſh* blood.
High in the midſt, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His ſea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The God appear'd; he turn'd his azure eyes
Where *Windſor*-domes and pompous turrets riſe;
Then bow'd and ſpoke: The winds forget to roar,
And the huſh'd waves glide ſoftly to the ſhore.
Hail, ſacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
That *Thames*'s glory to the ſtars ſhall raiſe!
Tho'

Tho' *Tyber*'s ſtreams immortal *Rome* behold,
Tho' foaming *Hermus* ſwells with tydes of gold,
From heav'n itſelf tho' ſeven-fold *Nilus* flows,
And harveſts on a hundred realms beſtows;
Theſe now no more ſhall be the Muſe's themes,
Loſt in my fame, as in the ſea their ſtreams.
Let *Volga*'s banks with iron ſquadrons ſhine,
And groves of lances glitter on the *Rhine*,
Let barb'rous *Ganges* arm a ſervile train;
Be mine the bleſſings of a peaceful reign.
No more my ſons ſhall dye with *Britiſh* blood
Red *Iber*'s ſands, or *Iſter*'s foaming flood;
Safe on my ſhore each unmoleſted ſwain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The ſhady empire ſhall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the ſylvan chace,
The trumpets ſleep, while chearful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beaſts alone.
Behold! th' aſcending *Villa*'s on my ſide
Project long ſhadows o'er the cryſtal tyde:
Behold! *Auguſta*'s glitt'ring ſpires increaſe,
And Temples riſe, the beauteous works of peace.
I ſee, I ſee where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new *White-hall* aſcend!

There

There mighty nations ſhall enquire their doom,
The World's great oracle in times to come;
There Kings ſhall ſue, and ſuppliant *States* be ſeen
Once more to bend before a *Britiſh* Queen.

Thy trees, fair *Windſor!* now ſhall leave their woods,
And half thy foreſts ruſh into my floods,
Bear *Britain*'s thunder, and her croſs diſplay
To the bright regions of the riſing day;
Tempt icy ſeas, where ſcarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under ſouthern ſkies exalt their ſails,
Led by new ſtars, and born by ſpicy gales!
For me the balm ſhall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly ſhell its lucid globe infold,
And *Phœbus* warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time ſhall come, when free as ſeas or wind
Unbounded *Thames* ſhall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each ſwelling tyde,
And ſeas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's diſtant ends our glory ſhall behold,
And the new world launch forth to ſeek the old.
Then ſhips of uncouth form ſhall ſtem the tyde,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy ſide,

Whoſe

Whoſe naked youth and painted chiefs admire
Our ſpeech, our colour, and our ſtrange attire!
Oh ſtretch thy reign, fair Peace! from ſhore to ſhore,
Till conqueſt ceaſe, and ſlav'ry be no more:
Till the freed *Indians* in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woe their ſable loves,
Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
And other *Mexico*'s be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepeſt hell,
In brazen bonds ſhall barb'rous Diſcord dwell;
Gigantick Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition, ſhall attend her there.
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own ſnakes ſhall feel,
And Perſecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roars, Rebellion bites her chain,
And gaſping Furies thirſt for blood in vain.

Here ceaſe thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of *Albion*'s golden days!
The thoughts of Gods let *Granville*'s verſe recite,
And bring the ſcenes of op'ning fate to light.
My humble Muſe, in unambitious ſtrains,
Paints the green foreſts, and the flow'ry plains.

Where

Where Peace deſcending bids her olives ſpring,
And ſcatters bleſſings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more ſweetly paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd, in the ſilent ſhade, with empty praiſe;
Enough for me, that to the liſt'ning ſwains
Firſt in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains.

MESSIAH.

MESSIAH.

A

SACRED ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE nymphs of *Solyma!* begin the ſong:
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of *Pindus* and th'*Aonian* maids,
Delight no more.——O thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd *Iſaiah*'s hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun,
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

From [a] *Jeſſe*'s root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies.
Th' etherial ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtick dove.
Ye [b] heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The [c] ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient Fraud ſhall fail,
Returning [d] Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe, be born;
See nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:
See lofty [e] *Lebanon* his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance,
See ſpicy clouds from lowly *Saron* riſe,
And *Carmel*'s flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſart chears,
Prepare the [f] way! a God, a God appears!

[a] Iſaiah, cap. xi. ℣. 1. [b] Cap. xlv. ℣. 8. [c] Cap. xxv. ℣. 4.
[d] Chap. ix. ℣. 7. [e] Cap. xxxv. ℣. 2. [f] Cap. xl. ℣. 3, 4.

A God,

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th'approaching Deity.
Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies:
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold;
Hear [g] him, ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new musick charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear:
In [h] adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good [i] shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;

[g] Cap. xlii. ℣. 18. Cap. xxxv. ℣ 5, 6. [h] Cap. xxv. ℣. 8.
[i] Cap. xl. ℣. 11.

The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms:
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd [k] father of the future age.
No more ſhall [l] nation againſt nation riſe,
Or ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Or fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plow-ſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful [m] ſon
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd ſire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren [n] deſarts with ſurprize
See lillies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe,
And ſtarts, amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy [o] vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry firr and ſhapely box adorn;

[k] Cap. ix. ℣. 6. [l] Cap. ii. ℣. 4. [m] Cap. lxv. ℣. 21, 22.
[n] Cap. xxxv. ℣. 1, 7. [o] Cap. xli. ℣. 19, *and* Cap. iv. ℣. 13.

To

To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The [p] lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs [q] ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd, the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue and pointleſs ſting ſhall [play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial [r] *Salem* riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long [s] race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons and daughters yet unborn
In crouding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous [t] nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate Kings,
And heap'd with products of [u] *Sabæan* ſprings!
For thee *Idume*'s ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in *Ophir*'s mountains glow.

[p] Cap. xi. ℣. 6, 7, 8. [q] Cap. lxv. ℣. 25. [r] Cap. lx. ℣. 11
[s] Cap. lx. ℣. 4. [t] Cap. lx. ℣. 3. [u] Cap. lx. ℣. 6.

See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the riſing [w] ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her ſilver horn,
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tyde of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: The Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The [x] ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving pow'r remains;
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own *Meſſiah* reigns!

[w] Cap. lx. ℣. 19, 20. [x] Cap. li. ℣. 6. *and* liv. ℣. 10.

ODE

ODE

FOR

MUSICK

ON

St *CECILIA*'s Day.

I.

DEſcend ye nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain;

Let the loud trumpet ſound,
Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers, ſoft and clear,
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies;
Exulting in triumph now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling the wild muſic floats;
Till by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By muſic, minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:

Melan-

Melancholy lifts her head:
Morpheus rouzes from his bed;
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning Envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine war no more our Paſſions wage,
Ev'n giddy Factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our Country's cauſe provokes to arms,
How martial muſic ev'ry boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the *Thracian* rais'd his ſtrain,
While *Argo* ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from *Pelion* to the main.
Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade;
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds
Which flaming *Phlegethon* ſurrounds,

Sad *Orpheus* ſought his conſort loſt;
Th' inexorable gates were barr'd,
And nought was ſeen, and nought was heard.
Around the dreary coaſt,
But dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts.
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire.
See ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O *Siſyphus*, ſtands ſtill;
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance:
The Furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

V.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' *Elyſian* flow'rs,
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell

In

In yellow meads of *Aſphodel*,
Or *Amaranthine* bow'rs:
By the hero's armed ſhades
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore *Eurydice* to life;
Oh take the huſband, or return the wife!
He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the Poet's pray'r;
Stern *Proſerpine* relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious?
Tho' fate had faſt bound her
With *Styx* nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes;
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now

Now under hanging mountains,
Beſides the falls of fountains,
Or where *Hebrus* wanders
Rolling in *Maanders*,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan,
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with Furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt *Rhodope*'s ſnows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſart he flies;
Hark! *Hæmus* reſounds with the *Bacchanals* cries —
— Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death *Eurydice* he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung,

VII.

Muſic the fierceſt griefs can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:

Muſic

Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine *Cecilia* found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Born on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire,
And angels lean from heav'n to hear!
Of *Orpheus* now no more let poets tell,
To bright *Cecilia* greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Hers lift the ſoul to heav'n.



THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

IN that ſoft ſeaſon when deſcending ſhowers
Call forth the greens, and wake the riſing flowers;
When op'ning buds ſalute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)

A train.

A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
And join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.
I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies;
The whole creation open to my eyes;
In air ſelf-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains riſe, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty waſtes were ſeen,
There tow'ry cities, and the foreſts green;
Here ſailing ſhips delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees, and intermingled temples riſe;
Now a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays,
The tranſient landſcape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild, promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow ſhore:
I look'd, and firſt a glorious pile beheld,
Whoſe tow'ring ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the ſtructure lay,
Steep its aſcent, and ſlipp'ry was the way;
The wond'rous rock like *Parian* marble ſhone,
And diſtant gazers thought it ſolid ſtone.
Inſcriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hoſtile time ſubdu'd;

Yet

Yet wide was ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
And poets once had promis'd, they ſhould laſt.
Some freſh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Criticks I ſaw, that others names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place;
Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For Fame, impatient of extreams, decays
Not more by envy than exceſs of praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n cou'd feel,
Like cryſtal, faithful to the graving ſteel:
The rock's high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorm invade.
There names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt
From time's firſt birth, with time it ſelf ſhall laſt;
Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So *Zembla*'s rocks (the beauteous work of froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt;
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the light'nings play:

Eternal

Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent ſky:
As *Atlas* fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years.

On this foundation *Fame*'s high Temple ſtands,
Stupendous work! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud *Rome*, or artful *Greece* beheld,
Or elder *Babylon*, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the pile, and ev'ry face
Of various ſtructure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the ſky.
Here fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monſtrous race;
The fourfold walls in breathing ſtatues grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone.

Weſtward, a ſumptuous frontiſpiece appear'd,
On dorick pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And ſculpture riſing on the roughen'd gold.
In ſhaggy ſpoils here *Theſeus* was beheld,
And *Perſeus* dreadful with *Minerva*'s ſhield;

There

There great *Alcides* ſtooping with his toil,
Reſts on his club, and holds th' *Heſperian* ſpoil.
Here *Orpheus* ſings; trees moving to the ſound
Start from their roots, and form a ſhade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a ſudden *Thebes* aſpire;
Cytharon's echoes anſwer'd to his call,
And half the mountain roll'd into a wall:
There might you ſee the length'ning ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
The growing tow'rs like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies.
The eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and *Barbarick* gold.
There *Ninus* ſhone, who ſpread th' *Aſſyrian* fame,
And the great founder of the *Perſian* name;
There in long robes the royal *Magi* ſtand;
Grave *Zoroaſter* waves the circling wand:
The ſage *Chaldæans* rob'd in white appear'd,
And *Brachmans*, deep in deſert woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made viſionary fabricks round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes;

Of

Of *Taliſmans* and *Sigils* knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, *Confucius* ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience, to be *good*.
But on the ſouth, a long, majeſtick race
Of *Ægypt*'s prieſts the gilded niches grace,
Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car *Seſoſtris* ſtruck my view,
Whom ſcepter'd ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:
* His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold,
His giant limbs are arm'd in ſcales of gold.
Between the ſtatues obeliſks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphicks grac'd.
Of *Gothic* ſtructure was the northern ſide,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There huge coloſſes roſe, with trophies crown'd,
And *Runick* characters were grav'd around:
There ſate *Zamolxis* † with erected eyes,
And *Odin* ‡ here in mimic trances dies.

* Herodotus *lib.* 2. *deſcribes a ſtatue of* Seſoſtris *in this manner, which remain'd in his own time.*

† Zamolxis *was the diſciple of* Pythagoras, *who firſt taught the immortality of the ſoul to the* Scythians.

‡ Odin *or* Woden, *the great Legiſlator of the* Goths, *who being ſubject to fits, perſuaded his followers that during thoſe trances he receiv'd his Laws by inſpiration.*

There

There, on rude iron columns ſmear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of *Scythian* heroes ſtood,
Druids and *Bards* (their once loud harps unſtrung)
And youths that dy'd to be by Poets ſung.
Theſe and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in luſtre and effect like glaſs,
Which o'er each object caſting various dies,
Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies.
Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall,
For thus romantick Fame increaſes all.

The Temple ſhakes, the ſounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Rais'd on a thouſand pillars, wreath'd around
With lawrel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with ſtars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the paſſage of each ſpacious gate
The ſage Hiſtorians in white garments wait:
Grav'd o'er their ſeats, the form of *Time* was found,
His ſcythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.

Within

Within ſtood heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields purſu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The * *Youth* that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd;
His feet on ſcepters and *Tiara*'s trod,
And his horn'd head expreſs'd the *Libyan* God.
There *Cæſar*, grac'd with both *Minerva*'s, ſhone;
Cæſar, the world's great maſter, and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in every ſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his country's fate.
But chief were thoſe who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought:
High o'er the reſt *Epaminondas* ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold *Scipio*, ſaviour of the *Roman* ſtate,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great.
And wiſe *Aurelius*, in whoſe well-taught mind
With boundleſs pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own ſtrict judge, and patern of mankind.
Much-ſuffering heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy, and leſs guilty fame,

* Alexander the Great *caus'd himſelf to be repreſented in his coins with horns on his head, as the ſon of* Jupiter Ammon.

Faie:

Fair virtue's ſilent train: Supreme of theſe
Here ever ſhines the godlike *Socrates*.
* He whom ungrateful *Athens* could expel,
At all times juſt, but when he ſign'd the ſhell.
Here his abode the martyr'd *Phocion* claims,
With *Agis*, not the laſt of *Spartan* Names:
Unconquer'd *Cato* ſhews the wound he tore,
And *Brutus* his ill Genius meets no more.
But in the center of the hallow'd quire
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;
Around the ſhrine it ſelf of *Fame* they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the firſt, the mighty *Homer* ſhone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt,
Tho' blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears,
In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of *Troy* were round the pillar ſeen:
Here fierce *Tydides* wounds the *Cyprian* queen:
Here *Hector* glorious from *Patroclus* fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the *Trojan* wall.

* Ariſtides. *Vid.* Plutarch.

Motion

Motion and life did ev'ry part inſpire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire;
A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t'affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt Gold was rear'd;
Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The *Mantuan* there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate;
On *Homer* ſtill he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread
The *Latian* wars, and haughty *Turnus* dead;
Eliza ſtretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged Sire:
Troy flam'd in burniſh'd gold, and o'er the throne
Arms and the Man in golden cyphers ſhone.
Four ſwans ſuſtain a carr of ſilver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for flight:
Here, like ſome furious prophet, *Pindar* rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with th' inſpiring God.
A-croſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.

The figur'd games of *Greece* the column grace,
Neptune and *Jove* ſurvey the rapid race;
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run:
The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone;
The champions in diſtorted poſtures threat,
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy *Horace* tun'd th' *Auſonian* lyre
To ſweeter ſounds, and temper'd *Pindar*'s fire:
Pleas'd with *Alcæus* manly rage t' infuſe
The ſofter ſpirit of the *Sapphick* Muſe.
The poliſh'd pillar diff'rent ſculptures grace;
A work out-laſting monumental braſs.
Here ſmiling *Loves* and *Bacchanals* appear,
The *Julian* ſtar and great *Auguſtus* here.
The * doves that round the infant Poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.

Here in a ſhrine that caſt a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty *Stagyrite*;
His ſacred head a radiant Zodiack crown'd,
And various animals his ſides ſurround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature thro'.

* *Vid.* Horat. *lib.* 3. *Ode* 4.

Wit

With equal rays immortal *Tully* ſhone,
The *Roman Roſtra* deck'd the conſul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand,
In act to ſpeak, and, graceful, ſtretch'd his hand:
Behind, *Rome*'s *Genius* waits with *Civick* crowns,
And the great Father of his Country owns.
Theſe maſſy columns in a circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the ſkies:
Scarce to the top I ſtretch'd my aking ſight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height.
Full in the midſt, proud *Fame*'s imperial ſeat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye;
The flaming rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye;
Bright azure rays from lively ſaphirs ſtream,
And lucid amber caſts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd lights the pavement ſhone.
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the *Goddeſs* firſt I caſt my ſight,
Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature of a cubit's height,
But ſwell'd to larger ſize, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front ſhe rais'd.

With

With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler *Viſta's* open'd to my view,
Upward the columns ſhoot, the roofs aſcend,
And arches widen, and long iles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raiſe her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thouſand buſy tongues the goddeſs bears,
And thouſand open eyes, and thouſand liſt'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, th' immortal Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) ſtill attend the ſhrine,
With eyes on Fame, for ever fix'd they ſing;
For Fame they raiſe the voice, and tune the ſtring.
With time's firſt birth began the heav'nly lays,
And laſt eternal thro' the length of days.
Around theſe wonders as I caſt a look
The trumpet ſounded, and the temple ſhook,
And all the nations, ſummon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill'd the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled ſounds were heard;
In various garbs promiſcuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the ſpring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and ſip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies firſt tempt the ſky,
O'er duſky fields and ſhaded waters fly,

Or ſettling, ſeize the ſweets the bloſſoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of ſuppliant crouds the ſhrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddeſs bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the ſage,
And boaſting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their requeſt the ſame,
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.
Some ſhe diſgrac'd, and ſome with honours crown'd;
Unlike ſucceſſes equal merits found.
Thus her blind ſiſter, fickle *Fortune* reigns,
And undiſcerning ſcatters crowns and chains.

Firſt at the ſhrine the *Learned world* appear,
And to the goddeſs thus prefer their prayer:
Long have we ſought t'inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
With ſtudies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne:
On wit and learning the juſt prize beſtow,
For Fame is all we muſt expect below.

The Goddeſs heard, and bade the Muſes raiſe
The golden trumpet of eternal *Praiſe:*
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;

Not

Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud:
By juſt degrees they ev'ry moment riſe,
Reach o'er the earth, and gain upon the ſkies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours ſhed,
Which ſtill grew ſweeter as they wider ſpread:
Leſs fragrant ſcents th' unfolding roſe exhales.
Or ſpices breathing in *Arabian* gales.

Next theſe the *Good* and *Juſt*, an awful train,
Thus on their knees addreſs'd the ſacred fane,
Since living virtue is with envy curſt,
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,
Do thou, juſt Goddeſs, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinſic worth.
Not with bare juſtice ſhall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame) but high above deſert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praiſe.

This band diſmiſs'd, behold another crowd
Prefer'd the ſame requeſt, and lowly bow'd,
The conſtant tenour of whoſe well ſpent days
No leſs deſerv'd a juſt return of praiſe.
But ſtrait the direful trump of *Slander* ſounds,
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds:

Loud as the burſt of cannon rends the ſkies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies:
In ev'ry ear inceſſant rumours rung,
And gath'ring ſcandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's ruſty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling ſmoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple ſkies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who *crowns* and *armour* wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidſt alarms and ſtrife,
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And ſwam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd thy inſpiration own;
What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown.
A ſudden cloud ſtrait ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.

Then came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen,
Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their mien.

Great

Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praiſe of merit, nor aſpire to fame;
But ſafe in deſerts from th'applauſe of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unſeen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight
Thoſe acts of goodneſs which themſelves requite.
O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's ſake.
And live there men who ſlight immortal fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
But, mortals know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride
To blaze thoſe virtues which the Good would hide:
Riſe, Muſes riſe! add all your tuneful breath,
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
She ſaid: in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
So ſoft, tho' high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n liſt'ning angels lean'd from heaven to hear:
To fartheſt ſhores th' ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.
Next theſe a youthful train their vows expreſt,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dreſt:
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry:

Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleaſing care
To pay due viſits, and addreſs the Fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could perſuade,
But ſtill in fancy vanquiſh'd ev'ry maid;
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleaſure, grant in fame.
The Queen aſſents, the trumpet rends the ſkies,
And at each blaſt a lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſt
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt.
What you (ſhe cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
Slaves to your ſelves, and ev'n fatigu'd with eaſe,
Who loſe a length of undeſerving days;
Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praiſe?
To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all.
Strait the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,
Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round,
Whiſpers were heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful hiſſes ran thro' all the croud.

Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;

Or

Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On ſovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd,
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith can fix,
Of crooked counſels and dark politicks;
Of theſe a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treaſons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With ſparks that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.
At the dread ſound, pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled nature trembled with the blaſt.
This having heard and ſeen, ſome pow'r unknown
Strait chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain, if in earth or air.
With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound.
Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or ſands upon the ſhores;
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by night by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the ſkies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to the center tend,

As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole:
Hither, as to their proper place, ariſe
All various ſounds from earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes,
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;
The trembling ſurface, by the motion ſtirr'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance.
Thus ev'ry voice and ſound, when firſt they break,
On neighb'ring air a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Thro' undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard, of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death, and life;
Of loſs and gain, of famine and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore,
Of prodigies, and portents ſeen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair,

Of

Of turns of fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old miſmanagements, taxations new; ——
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away;
Hoſts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day.
Aſtrologers, that future fates foreſhew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And prieſts, and party-zealots, num'rous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtar'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told,
And all who told it, added ſomething new,
And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it ſpread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
News travell'd with increaſe from mouth to mouth;
So from a ſpark, that kindled firſt by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;

'Till to the clouds their curling heads aſpire,
And tow'rs and temples ſink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thouſand vents, impatient forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below.
Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force:
Some to remain, and ſome to periſh ſoon,
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around a thouſand winged wonders fly,
Born by the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd thro' the ſky.

There, at one paſſage, oft you might ſurvey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
Which firſt ſhould iſſue thro' the narrow vent:
At laſt agreed, together out they fly,
Inſeparable now, the truth and lie;
The ſtrict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er ſhall find.

While thus I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear;
What could thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praiſe?

'Ti

'Tis true, ſaid I, not void of hopes I came,
For who ſo fond as youthful bards, of fame?
But few, alas! the caſual bleſſing boaſt,
So hard to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt!
How vain that ſecond life in others breath,
Th' eſtate which wits inherit after death!
Eaſe, health, and life, for this we muſt reſign,
(Unſure the tenure, but how vaſt the fine!)
The great man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckleſs wits our enemies profeſt,
And all ſucceſsful, jealous friends at beſt.
Nor Fame I ſlight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if ſhe comes at all,
But if the purchaſe coſts ſo dear a price,
As ſoothing folly, or exalting vice:
Oh! if the Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
And follow ſtill where fortune leads the way;
Or if no baſis bear my riſing name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame:
Then teach me, Heav'n! to ſcorn the guilty bays;
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe;
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honeſt fame, or grant me none!

AN

ESSAY.

ON

CRITICISM.

'TIS hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.

'Tis

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True taſte as ſeldom is the Critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from heav'n derive their light,
Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excell,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true ——
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt † have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill colouring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn critics in their own defence.

† *Omnes tacito quodam ſenſu, ſine ullâ arte, aut ratione, quæ ſint in artibus ac rationibus recta ac prava dijudicant.* Cic. de Orat. lib. 3.

Some

Some hate as rivals all that write; and others
But envy wits, as eunuchs envy lovers.
All ſuch have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide:
If *Mævius* ſcribble in *Apollo*'s ſpight,
There are, who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.

Some have at firſt for wits, then poets paſt,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.
Some neither can for wits nor critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of *Nile*;
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal:
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you, who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be ſure your ſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dullneſs meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.

As

As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while Memory prevails,
The ſolid pow'r of Underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm Imagination play,
The Memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft' in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like Kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more.
Each might his ſev'ral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.

Firſt follow *Nature*, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring Nature, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of Art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides,
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides:
In ſome fair body thus the ſecret ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,

Each

Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects, remains.
There are whom heav'n has bleſt with ſtore of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it;
For Wit and Judgment ever are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the muſe's ſteed;
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed;
The winged courſer, like a gen'rous horſe,
Shows moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.

Thoſe *Rules* of old diſcover'd, not devis'd,
Are nature ſtill, but nature methodiz'd;
Nature, like Monarchy, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd *Greece* her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs, and when indulge our flights!
High on *Parnaſſus'* top her ſons ſhe ſhow'd,
And pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trod,
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
Juſt * precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n.

* *Nec enim artibus editis factum eſt ut argumenta inveniremus, ſed dicta ſunt omnia antequam præciperentur, nec ea ſcriptores obſervata & collecta ediderunt.* Quintil.

The

The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reaſon to admire.
Then Criticiſm the muſes handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd;
But following wits from that intention ſtray'd;
Who could not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the maid,
Set up themſelves, and drove a ſep'rate trade;
Againſt the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctors bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they.
Some dryly plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made;
Theſe loſt their ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,
And thoſe explain'd the meaning quite away.
You then whoſe judgment the right courſe would
[ſteer,
Know well each Ancient's proper character;
His fable, ſubject, ſcope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age;

Without

Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be *Homer*'s works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night,
Thence form your judgment, thence your notions bring,
And trace the Muſes upward to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe;
And let your comment be the *Mantuan* muſe.

* When firſt young *Maro* ſung of Kings and wars,
E're warning *Phœbus* touch'd his trembling ears,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the critic's law,
And but from nature's fountains ſcorn'd to draw;
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and *Homer* were, he found, the ſame:
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign;
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd work confine,
As if the *Stagyrite* o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care,

* *Cùm canerem Reges & prœlia, Cynthius aurem*
Vellit ——— Virgil, Eclog. 6.

Muſic

Muſic reſembles poetry, in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter-hand alone can reach.
If, * where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky licence anſwers to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.
Thus *Pegaſus*, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits ſometimes may glorioufly offend,
And riſe to faults true critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without paſſing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In proſpects, thus, ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
But care in poetry muſt ſtill be had,
It aſks diſcretion ev'n in running mad:

* *Neque tam ſancta ſunt iſta præcepta, ſed hoc quicquid eſt, utilitas excogitavit; non negabo autem ſic utile eſſe plerunque; verùm ſi eadem illa nobis aliud ſuadebit utilitas, hanc relictis magiſtrorum autoritatibus, ſequemur.* Quintil. lib. 2. cap. 13.

And

And tho' the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As Kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made)
Moderns beware! or if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its end;
Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have at leaſt their precedent to plead:
The critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts
Thoſe freer beauties, ev'n in them, ſeem faults.
Some figures monſtrous and miſ-ſhap'd appear,
Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly.
Thoſe oft' are ſtratagems, which errors ſeem,
Nor is it *Homer* nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each antient altar ſtands,
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive war, and all-devouring age.

See, from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear, in all tongues conſenting *Paans* ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let every voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind!
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe!
Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow!
Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
Oh may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,
(That on weak wings, from far, purſues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a ſcience little known,
T'admire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their own.

Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt biaſs rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind:

Pride,

Pride, where wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of ſenſe.
If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not your ſelf; but your defects to know,
Make uſe of ev'ry friend —— and ev'ry foe.
A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the *Pierian* ſpring;
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurprize
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring *Alps* we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky,
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and *Alps* on *Alps* ariſe!

* A per-

* A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ,
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O *Rome!*)
No single parts unequally surprize;
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold, and regular.

* *Diligenter legendum est, ac pœne ad scribendi solicitudinem: Nec per partes modò scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perfectus liber utique ex integro resumendus.* Quintil.

Whoever

Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend:
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpight of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, muſt the leſs commit.
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles, is a praiſe.
Moſt Critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part;
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly ſacrifice.

Once on a time, *La Mancha*'s Knight, they ſay,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could *Dennis*, of th' *Athenian* ſtage;
Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools,
That durſt depart from *Ariſtotle*'s rules.
Our author, happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the knight's advice;
Made him obſerve the ſubject and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities, what not?

All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combate in the lists left out.
"What! leave the combate out?" exclaims the knight;
Yes, or we must renounce the *Stagyrite*;
"Not so by heav'n (he answers in a rage)
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
The stage can ne'er so vast a throng contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain".

Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to *parts*.

Some to *conceit* alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True * wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft' was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;

* *Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur; id facillimè accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt.* Quintil. lib. 8, c. 3.

Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies periſh through exceſs of blood.

Others for *language* all their care expreſs,
And value books, as women men, for dreſs:
Their praiſe is ſtill —— the ſtyle is excellent:
The ſenſe, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves, and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found.
Falſe Eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs,
Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place;
The face of nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay:
But true Expreſſion, like th' unchanging ſun,
Clears, and improves whate'er it ſhines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent, as more ſuitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expreſs'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſs'd:

For diff'rent ſtyles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſeveral garbs with country, town, and court.

Some * by *old words* to fame have made pretence:
Ancients in phraſe, meer moderns in their ſenſe!
Such labour'd nothings, in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned ſmile.
Unlucky, as *Fungoſo* in the † Play,
Theſe ſparks with aukward vanity diſplay
What the fine Gentlemen wore yeſterday:
And but ſo mimick ancient wits at beſt,
As apes our grandſires, in their doublets dreſt.
In words, as faſhions, the ſame rule will hold;
Alike fantaſtic, if too new, or old;
Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.

‡ But moſt by *numbers* judge a Poet's ſong,
And ſmooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong;

* *Abolita & abrogata retinere, inſolentiæ cujuſdam eſt, & frivolæ in parvis jactantiæ.* Quintil. lib 1. c. 6.

Opus eſt ut verba à vetuſtate repetita neque crebra ſint, neque manifeſta, quia nil eſt odioſius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus ſumma virtus eſt perſpicuitas, quàm ſit vitioſa, ſi egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maximè vetera, ita veterum maximè nova. Idem.

† Ben. Johnſon's *Every Man in his Humour.*

‡ *Quis populi ſermo eſt? quis enim? niſi carmina molli*
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve ſeveros
Effugit junctura ungues: ſcit tendere verſum
Non ſecus, ac ſi oculo rubricam dirigat uno. Perſius, Sat. 1.

In

In the bright Muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt *Parnaſſus* but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds; as ſome to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' * oft' the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft' creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill-expected rhimes.
Where-e'er you find *the cooling weſtern breeze*,
In the next line, it *whiſpers thro' the trees*;
If cryſtal ſtreams *with pleaſing murmurs creep*,
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with *ſleep*.
Then, at the laſt, and only couplet fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a Thought,
A needleſs *Alexandrine* ends the ſong,
That like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhimes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;

* *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concurſiones, quæ vaſtam atque hiantem orationem reddunt.* Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4. *Vide etiam* Quintil. lib. 9 cap. 4.

And praiſe the eaſy vigor of a line,
Where *Denham*'s ſtrength, and *Waller*'s ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe.
Soft is the ſtrain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud billows laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When *Ajax* ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow;
Not ſo, when ſwift *Camilla* ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th'unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how * *Timotheus*' various lays ſurprize,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of *Lybian Jove*
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and *Greeks* like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound!

* Alexander's *feaſt, or the power of muſic; an Ode by Mr.* Dryden.

The

The pow'r of muſic all our hearts allow;
And what *Timotheus* was, is *Dryden* now.

Avoid *extreams*, and ſhun the fault of ſuch,
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little, or too much.
At ev'ry trifle ſcorn to take offence,
That always ſhows great pride, or little ſenſe;
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.

Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move,
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve.
As things ſeem large, which we thro' miſts deſcry,
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.

Some the *French* writers, ſome our own deſpiſe;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide)
Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,
Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt.
(Tho' each may feel encreaſes and decays,
And ſee now clearer and now darker days)

Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the town;
They reaſon and conclude by *precedent*,
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe, nor blame the writings, but the men.

Of all this ſervile herd, the worſt is he
That in proud dulneſs joins with quality,
A conſtant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my Lord.
What woful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv'd hackny ſonneteer, or me?
But let his Lordſhip own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtyle refines!
Before his ſacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought.

The vulgar thus through imitation err,
As oft' the learn'd by being *ſingular*;
So much they ſcorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purpoſely go wrong;
So ſchiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some

Some praiſe at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the laſt opinion right.
A muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd,
This hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.
Aſk them the cauſe; they're wiſer ſtill they ſay;
And ſtill to morrow's wiſer than to day.
We think our fathers fools, ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons, no doubt will think us ſo.
Once School-divines this zealous iſle o'erſpread;
Who knew moſt *Sentences* was deepeſt read;
Faith, Goſpel, all, ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted:
Scotiſts and *Thomiſts*, now, in peace remain,
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in *Duck-lane*.
If Faith itſelf has diff'rent dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in wit ſhould take their turn?
Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves our ready wit;
And authors think their reputation ſafe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some valuing thoſe of their own ſide, or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind:

Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praiſe our ſelves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on thoſe of ſtate,
And publick faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, againſt *Dryden* roſe,
In various ſhapes of Parſons, Critics, Beaus;
But ſenſe ſurviv'd, when merry jeſts were paſt;
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
New *Blackmores* and new *Milbournes* muſt ariſe:
Nay ſhould great *Homer* lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue;
But, like a ſhadow, proves the ſubſtance true.
For envy'd wit, like *Sol* eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too pow'rful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend,
His praiſe is loſt who ſtays 'till all commend.
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhimes,
And 'tis but juſt to let 'em live betimes.

No

No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt:
Our ſons their father's failing language ſee,
And ſuch as *Chaucer* is, ſhall *Dryden* be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd
Some bright idea of the maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light,
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live;
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt!
Like ſome fair flow'r the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;

Still moſt our trouble when the moſt admir'd;
The more we give, the more is ſtill requir'd:
The fame with pains we gain, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit ſo much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, thoſe met rewards who could excell,
And ſuch were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Tho' triumphs were to Gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reſerv'd to grace the Soldiers too.
Now, they who reach *Parnaſſus'* lofty crown,
Employ their pains to ſpurn ſome others down:
And while ſelf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the ſport of fools.
But ſtill the worſt with moſt regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what baſe ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' ſacred luſt of praiſe!
Ah ne'er ſo dire a thirſt of glory boaſt,
Nor in the Critic let the Man be loſt!
Good-nature and good-ſenſe muſt ever join;
To err is humane, to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds ſome dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of ſpleen and ſow'r diſdain;
Diſcharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in theſe flagitious times.
No pardon vile *obſcenity* ſhould find,
Tho' wit and art conſpire to move your mind;
But dulneſs with obſcenity muſt prove
As ſhameful ſure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleaſure, wealth, and eaſe,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increaſe;
When love was all an eaſy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the ſtate, and ſtateſmen farces writ;
Nay, wits had penſions, and young lords had wit:
The fair ſate panting at a courtier's play,
And not a maſk went unimprov'd away:
The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before ——
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold *Socinus* drain;
Then firſt the *Belgian* morals were extoll'd;
We their religion had, and they our gold:
Then unbelieving prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation;

Where

Where heav'ns free ſubjects might their rights diſpute,
Leſt God himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute.
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, wit's *Titans* brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licenc'd *blaſphemies*——
Theſe monſters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhauſt your rage!
Yet ſhun their fault, who, ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an author into vice;
All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what *Morals* Critics ought to ſhow,
For 'tis but half a judge's taſk, to know.
'Tis not enough, wit, art, and learning join;
In all you ſpeak, let truth and candor ſhine:
That not alone what to your judgment's due,
All may allow; but ſeek your friendſhip too.
Be ſilent always when you doubt your ſenſe;
And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive, perſiſting fops we know,
That, if once wrong, will needs be always ſo;
But you, with pleaſure, own your errors paſt,
And make, each day, a Critic on the laſt.

'Tis

'Tis not enough, your counſel ſtill be true;
Blunt truths more miſchiefs than nice falſhoods do;
Men muſt be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good breeding, truth is diſ-approv'd;
That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt:
Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof, who merit praiſe.

'Twere well might Critics ſtill this freedom take;
But *Appius* reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry!

Fear moſt to tax an honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd to be dull;
Such without wit are poets when they pleaſe,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unſucceſsful ſatyrs,
And flattery to fulſome dedicators,
Whom, when they praiſe, the world believes no more,
Than when they promiſe to give ſcribbling o'er.

'Tis

'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain.
Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowzy courſe they keep,
And laſh'd ſo long, like tops, are laſh'd aſleep.
Falſe ſteps but help them to renew the race,
As after ſtumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crouds of theſe, impenitently bold,
In ſounds and jingling ſyllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and ſqueezings of the brain;
Strain out the laſt dull droppings of their ſenſe,
And rhime with all the rage of impotence!

Such ſhameleſs bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
Theſe are as mad abandon'd Critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears,
And always liſt'ning to himſelf appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
From *Dryden*'s fables down to *Durfey*'s tales.
With him, moſt authors ſteal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own *Diſpenſary*.

Name

Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay ſhow'd his faults—but when wou'd poets mend?
No place ſo ſacred from ſuch fops is barr'd,
Nor is *Paul*'s church more ſafe than *Paul*'s church-yard:
Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For fools ruſh in where angels fear to tread.
Diſtruſtful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes;
But rattling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks,
And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out, reſiſtleſs, with a thund'ring tyde!

But where's the man, who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiaſs'd, or by favor, or by ſpite;
Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, or blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere?
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and humankind;
Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?

Such

Such once were Critics; ſuch the happy few
Athens and *Rome* in better ages knew.
The mighty *Stagyrite* firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the light of the *Maonian* ſtar.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit
Who conquer'd nature, ſhould preſide o'er wit.
Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe,
Will like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.
He, who ſupreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, tho' he ſung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our Critics take a contrary extream,
They judge with fury, but they write with fle'me:
Nor ſuffers *Horace* more in wrong tranſlations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong quotations.

* See *Dionyſius Homer*'s thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
Fancy and art in gay *Petronius* pleaſe,
The ſcholar's learning with the courtier's eaſe.
In grave *Quintilian*'s copious work, we find
The juſteſt rules, and cleareſt method join'd:
Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and diſpos'd with grace;
Nor thus alone the curious eye to pleaſe,
But to be found, when need requires, with eaſe.
Thee, bold *Longinus!* all the Nine inſpire,
And bleſs their Critic with a poet's fire.
An ardent judge, who zealous in his truſt,
With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt;
Whoſe own example ſtrengthens all his laws,
And is himſelf that great Sublime he draws.
Thus long ſucceeding Critics juſtly reign'd,
Licence repreſs'd, and uſeful laws ordain'd.
Learning and *Rome* alike in empire grew,
And arts ſtill follow'd where her eagles flew.
From the ſame foes, at laſt, both felt their doom,
And the ſame age ſaw learning fall, and *Rome*.

* Dionyſius *of* Halicarnaſſus.

With

With tyranny, then ſuperſtition join'd,
As that the body, this enſlav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little underſtood,
And to be dull was conſtru'd to be good;
A ſecond deluge learning thus o'er-run,
And the *Monks* finiſh'd what the *Goths* begun.

At length *Eraſmus*, that great, injur'd name,
(The glory of the prieſthood, and the ſhame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove thoſe holy *Vandals* off the ſtage.

But ſee! each Muſe, in *Leo*'s golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays!
Rome's ancient *Genius*, o'er its ruins ſpread,
Shakes off the duſt, and rears his rev'rend head!
Then ſculpture and her ſiſter-arts revive:
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With ſweeter notes each riſing temple rung;
A *Raphael* painted, and a * *Vida* ſung!
Immortal *Vida!* on whoſe honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
As next in place to *Mantua*, next in fame!

* M Hieronymus Vida, *an excellent* Latin *poet, who writ an art of poetry in verſe. He flouriſh'd in the time of* Leo *the tenth.*

But

But ſoon by impious arms from *Latium* chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the baniſh'd muſes paſt;
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance;
But critic learning flouriſh'd moſt in *France*:
The rules, a nation born to ſerve, obeys;
And *Boileau* ſtill in right of *Horace* ſways.
But we, brave *Britons*, foreign laws deſpis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd:
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We ſtill defy'd the *Romans*, as of old.
Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
Nature's * *chief maſter-piece is writing well.*
Such was *Roſcommon*, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of *Greece* and *Rome* was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
Such late was *Walſh*,——the muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;

* *Eſſay on poetry, by the Duke of* Buckingham.

To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive,
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful Muſe may give!
The Muſe, whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
Th' learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame,
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike to flatter, or offend,
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

THE
RAPE of the *LOCK*.
AN
HEROI-COMICAL
POEM.

Written in the year 1712.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos,
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.

MARTIAL.



THE RAPE *of the* LOCK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty conteſts riſe from trivial things,
I ſing——This verſe to *C*—— Muſe! is due:
This, ev'n *Belinda* may vouchſafe to view:
Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the praiſe,
If ſhe inſpire, and he approve my lays.

Say, what ſtrange motive, Goddeſs! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' aſſault a gentle *Belle*?
Oh ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle *Belle* reject a Lord?

And dwells ſuch rage in ſofteſt boſoms then?
And lodge ſuch daring ſouls in little men?
Sol thro' white curtains ſhot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day,
Now lapdogs give themſelves the rowſing ſhake,
And ſleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound.
Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
Her guardian *Sylph* prolong'd the balmy reſt:
'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning *dream* that hover'd o'er her head.
A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night Beau,
(That ev'n in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay.
Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one viſion touch'd thy infant thought
Of all the nurſe and all the prieſt have taught,
Of airy *Elves*, by moonlight ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins viſited by Angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns, and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs,
Hear

Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow view to things below.
Some ſecret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent ſhall ſtill believe.
Know then, unnumber'd *Spirits* round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower ſky;
Theſe, tho' unſeen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring:
Think what an equipage thou haſt in air,
And view with ſcorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mold;
Thence, by a ſoft tranſition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to theſe of air.
Think not, when woman's tranſient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead:
Succeeding vanities ſhe ſtill regards,
And tho' ſhe plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of *Ombre*, after death ſurvive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their firſt Elements the ſouls retire:

The Sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a *Salamander*'s name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And ſip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude ſinks downward to a *Gnome*,
In ſearch of miſchief ſtill on earth to roam.
The light coquetts in *Sylphs* aloft repair,
And ſport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaſte
Rejects mankind, is by ſome *Sylph* embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with eaſe
Aſſume what ſexes and what ſhapes they pleaſe.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight maſquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, and daring ſpark,
The glance by day, the whiſper in the dark;
When kind occaſion prompts their warm deſires,
When muſic ſoftens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their *Sylph*, the wiſe celeſtials know,
Tho' *Honour* is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conſcious of their face,
For life predeſtin'd to the *Gnomes* embrace,
Theſe ſwell their proſpects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are diſdain'd, and love deny'd.

Then

Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While Peers and Dukes, and all their ſweeping train,
And garters, ſtars, and coronets appear,
And in ſoft ſounds, *your grace* ſalutes their ear.
'Tis theſe that early taint the female ſoul,
Inſtruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infants checks a bidden bluſh to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.
Oft' when the world imagine women ſtray,
The *Sylphs* thro' myſtic mazes guide their way,
Thro' all the giddy circle they purſue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but muſt a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball;
When *Florio* ſpeaks, what virgin could withſtand,
If gentle *Damon* did not ſqueeze her hand?
With varying vanities from ev'ry part,
They ſhift the moving toyſhop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with ſword-knots ſword-knots ſtrive,
Beaus baniſh beaus, and coaches coaches drive,
This erring mortals levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the *Sylphs* contrive it all.
Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful Sprite, and *Ariel* is my name.

Late, as I rang'd the cryſtal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling ſtar
I ſaw, alas! ſome dread event impend,
E'er to the main this morning Sun deſcend.
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the *Sylph*, oh pious maid, beware!
This to diſcloſe, is all thy guardian can.
Beware of all, but moſt beware of man!
He ſaid; when *Shock*, who thought ſhe ſlept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, *Belinda*! if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, *charms*, and *ardors*, were no ſooner read,
But all the viſion vaniſh'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the toilet ſtands diſplay'd,
Each ſilver vaſe in myſtic order laid.
Firſt, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores
With head uncover'd, the *Coſmetic* pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears;
Th' inferior prieſteſs, at her altar's ſide,
Trembling, begins the ſacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treaſures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;

From

From each ſhe nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddeſs with the glit'ring ſpoil.
This caſket *India*'s glowing gems unlocks,
And all *Arabia* breathes from yonder box.
The tortoiſe here, and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the ſpeckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their ſhining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment riſes in her charms,
Repairs her ſmiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer bluſh ariſe,
And keener light'nings quicken in her eyes.
The buſy *Sylphs* ſurround their darling care,
Theſe ſet the head, and thoſe divide the air,
Some fold the ſleeve, while others plait the gown;
And *Betty*'s prais'd for labours not her own.

THE RAPE *of the* LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories in th'ethereal plain,
The Sun firſt riſes o'er the purple main,
Than iſſuing forth, the rival of his beams
Lanch'd on the boſom of the ſilver *Thames*.
Fair nymphs, and well-dreſt youths around her ſhone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breaſt a ſparkling Croſs ſhe wore,
Which Jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a ſprightly mind diſcloſe,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe:
Favours to none, to all ſhe ſmiles extends,
Oft' ſhe rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the Sun, her eyes the gazers ſtrike,
And, like the Sun, they ſhine on all alike.

Yet

Yet graceful eaſe, and ſweetneſs void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if *Belles* had faults to hide:
If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the deſtruction of mankind,
Nouriſh'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conſpir'd to deck
With ſhining ringlets her ſmooth iv'ry neck:
Love in theſe labyrinths his ſlaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in ſlender chains.
With hairy ſpringes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair ſurprize the finny prey,
Fair treſſes man's imperial race inſnare,
And beauty draws us with a ſingle hair.

Th'adventrous Baron the bright locks admir'd,
He ſaw, he wiſh'd, and to the prize aſpir'd;
Reſolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to raviſh, or by fraud betray;
For when ſucceſs a lover's toil attends,
Few aſk, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, e'er *Phœbus* roſe, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly *Love*——to *Love* an altar built,
Of twelve vaſt *French* romances, neatly gilt.

There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous ſighs to raiſe the fire.
Then proſtrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long poſſeſs the prize:
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The reſt, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.

But now ſecure the painted veſſel glides,
The ſun-beams trembling on the floating tydes,
While melting muſic ſteals upon the ſky,
And ſoften'd ſounds along the waters die.
Smooth flow the waves, the breezes gently play,
Belinda ſmil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the *Sylph*—with careful thoughts oppreſt,
Th'impending woe ſate heavy on his breaſt.
He ſummons ſtrait his denizens of air;
The lucid ſquadrons round the ſails repair:
Soft o'er the ſhrouds aerial whiſpers breathe,
That ſeem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the ſun their inſect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or ſink in clouds of gold.
Tranſparent forms, too fine for mortal ſight,
Their fluid bodies half diſſolv'd in light.

Looſe

Looſe to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew;
Dipt in the richeſt tincture of the ſkies,
Where light diſports in ever-mingling dies,
While ev'ry beam new tranſient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded maſt,
Superior by the head, was *Ariel* plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the ſun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.
Ye *Sylphs* and *Sylphids*, to your chief give ear,
Fays, *Fairies*, *Genii*, *Elves*, and *Dæmons* hear!
Ye know the ſpheres and various taſks aſſign'd
By laws eternal, to th'aerial kind.
Some in the fields of pureſt *Æther* play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the courſe of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundleſs ſky.
Some leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Hover, and catch the ſhooting ſtars by night,
Or ſuck the miſts in groſſer air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempeſts on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe diſtil the kindly rain.

Others on earth o'er humane race preſide,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of theſe the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the *Britiſh* Throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair;
Not a leſs pleaſing, tho' leſs glorious care:
To ſave the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th'impriſon'd eſſences exhale;
To draw freſh colours from the vernal flow'rs,
To ſteal from rainbows e'er they drop in ſhow'rs
A brighter waſh; to curl their waving hairs,
Aſſiſt their bluſhes, and inſpire their airs;
Nay oft', in dreams, invention we beſtow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelo.

This day, black omens threat the brighteſt fair
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful ſpirit's care;
Some dire diſaſter, or by force, or ſlight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph ſhall break *Diana*'s law,
Or ſome frail *China* jar receive a flaw,
Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade,
Forget her pray'rs, or miſs a maſquerade,
Or loſe a heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether heav'n has doom'd that *Shock* muſt fall?

Haſte

Haſte then, ye ſpirits! to your charge repair;
The flutt'ring fan be *Zephyretta*'s care;
The drops to thee, *Brillante*, we conſign;
And *Momentilla*, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, *Criſpiſſa*, tend her fav'rite lock;
Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of *Shock*.

To fifty choſen *Sylphs*, of ſpecial note,
We truſt th'important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft' have we known that ſev'nfold fence to fail,
Tho' ſtiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale,
Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtopt in vials, or transfixt with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie;
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clogg'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or alom ſtypticks with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin eſſence like a rivell'd flow'r:
Or, as *Ixion* fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,

In

In fumes of burning chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!

He ſpoke; the ſpirits from the ſails deſcend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend,
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair,
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.



THE RAPE *of the* LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLoſe by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where *Thames* with pride ſurveys his riſing tow'rs,
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſtic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring *Hampton* takes its name.
Here *Britain*'s ſtateſmen oft' the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great *Anna!* whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take—and ſometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs reſort,
To taſte a while the pleaſures of a court;
In various talk th' inſtructive hours they paſt,
Who gave the ball, or paid the viſit laſt:

One

One ſpeaks the glory of the *Britiſh* Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming *Indian* ſcreen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, ſupply each pauſe of chat,
With ſinging, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Mean while declining from the noon of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges ſoon the ſentence ſign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;
The merchant from th'*Exchange* returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet ceaſe——
Belinda now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventr'ous knights,
At *Ombre* ſingly to decide their doom;
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the ſacred nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her hand, th'aerial guard
Deſcend, and ſit on each important card:
Firſt *Ariel* perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore;
For *Sylphs*, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold

Behold, four Kings in majeſty rever'd,
With hoary whiſkers and a forky beard:
And four fair Queens, whoſe hands ſuſtain a flow'r,
Th'expreſſive emblem of their ſofter pow'r;
Four Knaves in garbs ſuccinct, a truſty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And particolour'd troops, a ſhining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The ſkilful nymph reviews her force with care;
Let Spades be trumps, ſhe ſaid, and trumps they were.
Now move to war the ſable Matadores,
In ſhow like leaders of the ſwarthy Moors.
Spadillio firſt, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and ſwept the board,
As many more *Manillio* forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him *Baſto* follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one *Plebeian* card.
With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majeſty of Spades appears;
Puts forth one manly leg, to ſight reveal'd,
The reſt, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the juſt victim of his royal rage.

Ev'n

Ev'n mighty *Pam* that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of *Lu*,
Sad chance of war! now, deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to *Belinda* yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike *Amazon* her hoſt invades,
Th' imperial conſort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant firſt her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in ſtate unwieldy ſpread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only graſps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th'embroider'd King who ſhows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an eaſy conqueſt find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level green.
Thus when diſpers'd a routed army runs,
Of *Aſia*'s troops, and *Afric*'s ſable ſons,
With like confuſion diff'rent nations fly,
In various habits, and of various dye,

The

The pierc'd battalions diſunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh ſhameful chance) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forſook,
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
She ſees, and trembles at th'approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and *Codille*.
And now (as oft' in ſome diſtemper'd ſtate)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of hearts ſteps forth: The King unſeen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen.
He ſprings to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the proſtrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with ſhouts the ſky,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
Oh thoughtleſs mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate!
Sudden, theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On ſhining altars of *Japan* they raiſe
The ſilver lamp; the fiery ſpirits blaze;

From

From ſilver ſpouts the grateful liquors glide,
And *China*'s earth receives the ſmoking tide.
At once they gratify their ſcent and taſte,
While frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt.
Strait hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as ſhe ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes diſplay'd,
Trembling, and conſcious of the rich brocade.
Coffee, (which makes the politician wiſe,
And ſee thro' all things with his half-ſhut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New ſtratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah ceaſe, raſh youth! deſiſt e'er 'tis too late,
Fear the juſt Gods, and think of * *Scylla*'s fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and ſent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for *Niſus*' injur'd hair.

But when to miſchief mortals bend their will,
How ſoon they find fit inſtruments of ill?
Juſt then, *Clariſſa* drew with temptiug grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her ſhining caſe;
So ladies in romance aſſiſt their knight,
Preſent the ſpear, and arm him for the fight.

* *Vide* Ovid. Metam. 8.

He

He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his finger's ends:
This juſt behind *Belinda*'s neck he ſpread,
As o'er the fragrant ſteams ſhe bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thouſand Sprites repair,
A thouſand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice ſhe look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Juſt in that inſtant, anxious *Ariel* ſought
The cloſe receſſes of the virgin's thought;
As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd th'ideas riſing in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Reſign'd to Fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.

The Peer now ſpreads the glitt'ring *Forfex* wide,
T'incloſe the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched *Sylph* too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the ſheers, and cut the *Sylph* in twain,
(* But airy ſubſtance ſoon unites again)

* *See* Milton, lib. 6. *of* Satan *cut aſunder by the angel* Michael.

The

The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flaſh'd the livid lightnings from her eyes,
And ſcreams of horror rend th'affrighted ſkies.
Not louder ſhrieks to pitying heav'n are caſt,
When huſbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their laſt;
Or when rich *China* veſſels, fal'n from high,
In glitt'ring duſt, and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While fiſh in ſtreams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and ſix the *Britiſh* fair;
As long as *Atalantis* ſhall be read,
Or the ſmall pillow grace a lady's bed;
While viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze;
While nymphs take treats, or aſſignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praiſe ſhall live!
What time would ſpare, from ſteel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, ſubmit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt th'imperial tow'rs of *Troy*;

Steel

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs ſhould feel
The conqu'ring force of unreſiſted ſteel?



THE

THE RAPE *of the* LOCK.

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the penſive nymph oppreſt,
And ſecret paſſions labour'd in her breaſt.
Not youthful Kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiſs,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not *Cynthia* when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment and deſpair,
As thou, ſad virgin! for thy raviſh'd hair.
For, that ſad moment when the *Sylphs* withdrew,
And *Ariel* weeping from *Belinda* flew,
Umbriel, a duſky, melancholy ſprite
As ever ſully'd the fair face of light,

Down

Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repairs to ſearch the gloomy cave of *Spleen*.
Swift on his ſooty pinions flits the *Gnome*,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.
No chearful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded Eaſt is all the wind that blows.
Here, in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and *Megrim* at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here ſtood *Ill-nature* like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With ſtore of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her boſom with lampoons.
There *Affectation*, with a ſickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roſes of eighteen,
Practis'd to liſp, and hang the head aſide,
Faints into airs, and languiſhes with pride;
On the rich quilt ſinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for ſickneſs and for ſhow.
The fair ones feel ſuch maladies as theſe,
When each new night-dreſs gives a new diſeaſe.

A conſtant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms riſing as the miſts ariſe;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted ſhades,
Or bright, as viſions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and ſnakes on rolling ſpires,
Pale ſpectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;
Now lakes of liquid gold, *Elyſian* ſcenes,
And cryſtal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every ſide are ſeen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by ſpleen.
Here living teapots ſtand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the ſpout:
A pipkin there, like * *Homer*'s Tripod walks,
Here ſighs a jar, and there a gooſe-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe paſt the *Gnome* thro' this fantaſtic band,
A branch of healing ſpleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addreſs'd the pow'r —— Hail wayward [Queen!
Who rule the ſex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give th'hyſteric, or poetic fit,

* *See* Hom. *Iliad* 18. *of* Vulcan's *walking Tripods.*

On

On various tempers act by various ways,
Make ſome take phyſic, others ſcribble plays;
Who cauſe the proud their viſits to delay,
And ſend the godly in a pett to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r diſdains,
And thouſands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy *Gnome* could ſpoil a grace,
Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face;
Like citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a loſing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd ſuſpicion when no ſoul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the head-dreſs of a prude,
Or e'er to coſtive lap-dog gave diſeaſe,
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe:
Hear me, and touch *Belinda* with chagrin;
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen.
The Goddeſs, with a diſcontented air,
Seems to reject him, tho' ſhe grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous Bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once *Ulyſſes* held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.

A vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The *Gnome* rejoicing bears her gift away,
Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.

Sunk in *Thaleſtris* arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound:
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling Bag he rent,
And all the Furies iſſued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce *Thaleſtris* fans the riſing fire.
O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands, and cry'd,
(While *Hampton*'s echo's, wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and eſſence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrivall'd ſhrine
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all, our ſex reſign.
Methinks already I your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay;

Already

Already ſee you a degraded toaſt,
And all your honour in a whiſper loſt!
How ſhall I, then, your helpleſs fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to ſeem your friend!
And ſhall this prize, th'ineſtimable prize,
Expos'd thro' cryſtal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner ſhall graſs in *Hyde-park circus* grow,
And wits take lodgings in the ſound of *Bow*;
Sooner let earth, air, ſea, to *Chaos* fall,
Men, monkies, lap-dogs, parrots, periſh all!
She ſaid; then raging to Sir *Plume* repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir *Plume*, of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earneſt eyes, and round unthinking face,
He firſt the ſnuff-box open'd, then the caſe,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
"Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you muſt be civil!
"Plague on't! 'tis paſt a jeſt—nay prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair—he ſpoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhould ever ſpeak in vain.

But * by this Lock, this ſacred Lock I ſwear,
(Which never more ſhall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours ſhall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, ſhall for ever wear.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking, in proud triumph ſpread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But *Umbriel*, hateful *Gnome*? forbears not ſo;
He breaks the Vial whence the ſorrows flow.
Then ſee! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languiſhing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd boſom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a ſigh, ſhe rais'd; and thus ſhe ſaid.

For ever curs'd be this deteſted day,
Which ſnatch'd my beſt, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If *Hampton-Court* theſe eyes had never ſeen!
Yet am not I the firſt miſtaken maid,
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh! had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
In ſome lone iſle, or diſtant northern land;

* *In alluſion to* Achilles's *oath in* Homer, *Il.* 1.

Where

Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn *Ombre*, none e'er taſte *Bohea!*
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roſes that in deſarts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
Oh had I ſtay'd, and ſaid my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this, the morning Omens ſeem'd to tell;
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring *China* ſhook without a wind,
Nay, *Poll* ſate mute, and *Shock* was moſt unkind!
A *Sylph* too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In myſtic viſions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of theſe ſlighted hairs!
My hands ſhall rend what e'en thy rapine ſpares:
Theſe, in two ſable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the ſnowy neck;
The ſiſter-lock now ſits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foreſees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal ſheers demands;
And tempts once more thy ſacrilegious hands.
Oh! hadſt thou, cruel! been content to ſeize
Hairs leſs in ſight, or any hairs but theſe!

THE RAPE *of the* LOCK.

CANTO V.

SHE ſaid; the pitying audience melt in tears:
But fate and *Jove* had ſtopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain *Thaleſtris* with reproach aſſails,
For who can move when fair *Belinda* fails?
Not half ſo fix'd the *Trojan* could remain,
While *Anna* begg'd, and *Dido* rag'd in vain.
Then grave *Clariſſa* graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence enſu'd, and thus the nymph began.

Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd moſt,
The wiſe man's paſſion, and the vain man's toaſt?
Why deck'd with all that land and ſea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd [beaus,
Why bows the ſide-box from its inmoſt rows?

How

How vain are all theſe glories, all our pains,
Unleſs good ſenſe preſerve what beauty gains:
That men may ſay, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the firſt in virtue, as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dreſs all day,
Charm'd the ſmall-pox, or chas'd old age away;
Who would not ſcorn what houſwife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of uſe?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a ſaint,
Nor could it ſure be ſuch a ſin to paint.
But ſince, alas! frail beauty muſt decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, ſince Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all ſhall fade,
And ſhe who ſcorns a man muſt die a maid;
What then remains, but well our pow'r to uſe,
And keep good humour ſtill whate'er we loſe?
And truſt me dear! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and ſcreams, and ſcolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll:
Charms ſtrike the ſight, but merit wins the ſoul.
So ſpoke the dame, but no applauſe enſu'd;
Belinda frown'd, *Thaleſtris* call'd her prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce virago cries,
And ſwift as light'ning to the combate flies,

All ſide in parties, and begin th'attack;
Fans clap, ſilks ruſſle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes and Heroins ſhouts confus'dly riſe,
And baſe, and treble voices ſtrike the ſkies:
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

* So when bold *Homer* makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breaſts with human paſſions rage;
'Gainſt *Pallas*, *Mars*; *Latona*, *Hermes* arms;
And all *Olympus* rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around;
Blue *Neptune* ſtorms, the bellowing deeps reſound;
Earth ſhakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day!

Triumphant *Umbriel* on a ſconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and ſate to view the fight,
Propt on their bodkin ſpears, the Sprites ſurvey
The growing combat, or aſſiſt the fray.

While thro' the preſs enrag'd *Thaleſtris* flies,
And ſcatters deaths around from both her eyes;
A Beau and Witling periſh'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in ſong.
O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,
Cry'd *Dapperwit*, and ſunk beſide his chair.

* Homer, *Il.* 20.

A mourn-

A mournful glance Sir *Fopling* upwards caſt,
* Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing —— was his laſt;
Thus on *Maander's* flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring ſwan, and as he ſings he dies.

When bold Sir *Plume* had drawn *Clariſſa* down,
Chloe ſtepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She ſmil'd to ſee the doughty hero ſlain,
But, at her ſmile, the beau reviv'd again.

† Now *Jove* ſuſpends his golden ſcales in air,
Weighs the mens wits againſt the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from ſide to ſide;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs ſubſide.

See fierce *Belinda* on the Baron flies,
With more than uſual light'ning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th'unequal fight to try,
Who ſought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly ſtrength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb ſubdu'd:
Juſt where the breath of life his noſtrils drew,
A charge of ſnuff the wily virgin threw;
The *Gnomes* direct, to ev'ry atome juſt,
The pungent grains of titillating duſt.

* *A Song in the Opera of* Camilla.
† *Vid.* Homer *Il.* 8. *&* Virg. *Æn.* 12.

Sudden, with ſtarting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his noſe.

Now meet thy fate! incens'd *Belinda* cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide.
(* The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great great grandſire wore about his neck
In three ſeal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe gingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now *Belinda* wears)

Boaſt not my fall (he cry'd) inſulting foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than ſo, ah let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in *Cupid*'s flames,——but burn alive.

Reſtore the Lock! ſhe cries, and all around
Reſtore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce *Othello* in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the hankerchief that caus'd his pain.

† *In imitation of the progreſs of* Agamemnon's *ſceptre in* Homer, *Il.* 2.

But

But ſee how oft' ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is ſought, but ſought in vain:
With ſuch a prize no mortal muſt be bleſt,
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can conteſt?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar ſphere,
* Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there.
There heroe's wits are kept in pond'rous vaſes,
And beau's in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer-caſes.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of riband bound;
The courtier's promiſes, and ſick man's pray'rs,
The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoak a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry.

But truſt the Muſe——ſhe ſaw it upward riſe,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So *Rome*'s great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To *Proculus* alone confeſs'd in view.)
A ſudden ſtar, it ſhot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.

† *Vid.* Arioſto, Canto 34.

Not

Not *Berenice*'s locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The heav'ns beſpangling with diſhevel'd light.
The *Sylphs* behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its progreſs thro' the ſkies.

This the *Beau-monde* ſhall from the *Mall* ſurvey,
And hail with muſic its propitious ray:
This, the bleſt lover ſhall for *Venus* take,
And ſend up vows, from *Roſamonda*'s lake:
This *Partridge* ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs ſkies,
When next he looks thro' *Galil&o*'s eyes;
And hence th'egregious wizard ſhall foredoom
The fate of *Louis*, and the fall of *Rome*.

Then ceaſe, bright nymph! to mourn the raviſh'd [hair,
Which adds new glory to the ſhining ſphere!
Not all the treſſes that fair head can boaſt
Shall draw ſuch envy as the Lock you loſt.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions ſlain, your ſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair ſuns ſhall ſet, as ſet they muſt,
And all thoſe treſſes ſhall be laid in duſt;
This Lock, the Muſe ſhall conſecrate to fame,
And midſt the ſtars inſcribe *Belinda*'s name!

ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

PRIOR, ALMA, *Cant.* 2.

O ABELARD! ill fated youth,
Thy Fate will juſtify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's Song:
Dan POPE, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern, and ſkill has weav'd
A ſilken web; and ne'er ſhall fade
Its colours; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy ſad diſtreſs,
And *Venus* ſhall the texture bleſs.
He o'er the weeping Nun has drawn
Such artful folds of ſacred lawn,
That *Love* with equal grief and pride
Shall ſee the crime he ſtrives to hide;
And ſoftly drawing back the veil,
The God ſhall to his vot'ries tell
Each conſcious tear, each bluſhing grace,
That deck'd dear ELOISA's face.

THE

The ARGUMENT.

ABELARD *and* ELOISA *flouriſh'd in the twelfth Century; they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſh'd perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral Convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation, that a letter of* ABELARD's *to a Friend, which contain'd the hiſtory of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of* ELOISA. *This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſion'd thoſe celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggles of grace and nature, virtue and paſſion.*

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-penſive, contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!——From *Abelard* it came,
And *Eloiſa* yet muſt kiſs the name.
Dear, fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips in holy ſilence ſeal'd.

Hide

Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies.
Oh write it not, my hand——The name appears
Already written——wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost *Eloisa* weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines, where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep!
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd, and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too where-e'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.

Line

Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a ſad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in thy bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern religion quench'd th'unwilling flame,
There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away,
And is my *Abelard* leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r;
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue,
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretches aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgins wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*.

Thou

Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When love aproach'd me under friendſhip's name:
My fancy form'd thee of angelick kind,
Some emanation of th'all-beauteous mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day:
Guiltleſs I gaz'd; heav'n liſten'd while you ſung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like thoſe what precepts fail'd to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love.
Back thro' the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee,
Nor envy them that heav'n I loſe for thee.

How oft', when preſs'd to marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which love has made?
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,

And

And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeek in love for ought but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his World, I'd ſcorn 'em all:
Not *Cæſar*'s empreſs would I deign to prove;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love;
If there be yet another name, more free,
More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to thee!
Oh happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing, and poſſeſt,
No craving void left aking in the breaſt;
Ev'n thought meets thought, e'er from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
This ſure is bliſs (if bliſs on earth there be)
And once the lot of *Abelard* and me.

Alas how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe?
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was *Eloiſe?* her voice, her hand,
Her ponyard, had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian ſtay! that bloody hand reſtrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by ſhame, by rage ſuppreſt——
Let tears, and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.

Canſt thon forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victims at yon' altars foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale;
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And ſaints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the Croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you;
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſt;
Give all thou canſt——and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,
And make my ſoul quit *Abelard* for God.
Ah think at leaſt thy flock deſerve thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.

From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſarts led.
You * rais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſart ſmil'd,
And Paradiſe was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But ſuch plain roofs as piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the Maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls (their days eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why ſhould I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!

† *He founded the Monaſtry.*

Ah let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter, move,
And, all thoſe tender names in one, thy love!
The darkſome pines that o'er yon' rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid:
But o'er the twilight groves, and duſky caves,
Long-ſounding iſles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe:
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof, how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death can break the laſting chain;
And here ev'n then ſhall my cold duſt remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait, 'till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me heav'n! but whence aroſe that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen Chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought,
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault,
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſollicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.
Of all, affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience, to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſence,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?
Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine.
E'er ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain——do all things but forget.

But let heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, my ſelf——and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed, to thee.

How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind,
Each pray'r accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd:
Labour and reſt, that equal periods keep;
Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep;
Deſires compos'd, affections ever ev'n,
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her the Spouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins *Hymenæals* ſing;
For her th'unfading roſe of *Eden* blooms,
And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes;
To ſounds of heavenly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy;

When

When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake——no more I hear, no more I view;
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say;
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away:
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas no more!——methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe;
Where round some mouldr'ing tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps:
Sudden you mount! you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpence from pleaſure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows:
Still as the ſea, e'er winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come *Abelard!* for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of *Venus* burns not for the dead;
Cut from the root my periſh'd joys I ſee,
And love's warm tyde for ever ſtopt in thee.
Nature ſtands check'd; Religion diſapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold——yet *Eloiſa* loves.
Ah hopeleſs, laſting flames! like thoſe that burn
To light the dead, and warm th'unfruitful urn.

What ſcenes appear where-e'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes!
I waſte the matin lamp in ſighs for thee,
Thy image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy voice I ſeem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too ſoft a tear.

When

When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul;
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my ſoul;
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thy ſelf to heav'n; diſpute my heart:
Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes,
Blot out each bright idea of the ſkies:
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe tears,
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode,
Aſſiſt the Fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me! far as pole from pole;
Riſe *Alps* between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.

Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long-lov'd, ador'd ideas! all adieu!
O Grace ſerene! oh Virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine Oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal reſt!
See in her Cell ſad *Eloiſa* ſpread,
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead!
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound.
" Come, ſiſter come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
" Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter come away!
" Once like thy ſelf I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
" Love's victim then, tho' now a ſainted maid:
" But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
" Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
" Ev'n ſuperſtition loſes ev'ry fear:
" For God, not Man, abſolves our frailties here.

I come,

I come, ye ghosts! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow.
Thou, *Abelard!* the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day:
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch the flying soul!
Ah no——in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me, to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd *Eloisa* see!
It will be, then, no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my *Abelard* belov'd no more.
O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy dear frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,

From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And ſaints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May * one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame.
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To *Paraclete*'s white walls and ſilver ſprings,
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tear each other ſheds,
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd!
From the full quire when loud *Hoſanna*'s riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
Amid that ſcene, if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold reliques lie,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And ſure if Fate ſome future Bard ſhall join
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more!

* Abelard *and* Eloiſa *were interr'd in the ſame grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monaſtry of the* Paraclete: *He died in the year* 1142. *She in* 1163.

Such

Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
Let him our ſad, our tender ſtory tell;
The well-ſung woes ſhall ſooth my penſive ghoſt;
He beſt can paint 'em, who ſhall feel 'em moſt.

VERSES

To the Memory of an

UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt, along the moonlight ſhade
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis She!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly; tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's, or a *Roman*'s part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?

Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of Kings and Heroes glows!
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen priſ'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres:
Like Eaſtern Kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
And cloſe confin'd in their own palace, ſleep.

From theſe, perhaps (e'er nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks, now fading at the blaſt of death:
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall:

On

On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herſes ſhall beſiege your gates.
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſts ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd:
What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the publick ſhow?
What tho' no weeping *Loves* thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?

What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!

Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung;
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

TO

TO

Mr. *JERVAS*,

WITH

FRESNOY's Art of PAINTING,

Translated by Mr. Dryden.

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:

Read

Read theſe inſtructive leaves, in which conſpire
Freſnoy's cloſe art, and *Dryden*'s native fire:
And reading wiſh, like theirs our fate and fame,
So mix'd our ſtudies, and ſo join'd our name,
Like them to ſhine thro' long ſucceeding age,
So juſt thy ſkill, ſo regular my rage.

Smit with the love of ſiſter-arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found our hearts unite,
And each from each contract new ſtrength and light.

How oft' in pleaſing taſks we wear the day,
While ſummer ſuns roll unperceiv'd away?
How oft' our ſlowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art?
How oft' review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and ſomething to commend?

What flatt'ring ſcenes our wandr'ing fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories riſing to our thought!
Together o'er the *Alps* methinks we fly,
Fir'd with ideas of fair *Italy*.
With thee, on *Raphael*'s monument I mourn,
Or wait inſpiring dreams at *Maro*'s urn:

With

With thee repoſe, where *Tully* once was laid,
Or ſeek ſome ruin's formidable ſhade;
While fancy brings the vaniſh'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary *Rome* a-new.
Here thy well-ſtudy'd marbles fix our eye;
A fading *Freſco* here demands a ſigh:
Each heav'nly peace unweary'd we compare,
Match *Raphael*'s grace with thy lov'd *Guido*'s air,
Carracci's ſtrength, *Correggio*'s ſofter line,
Paulo's free ſtroke, and *Titian*'s warmth divine.
How finiſh'd with illuſtrious toil appears
This ſmall, well-poliſh'd gem, the * work of years!
Yet ſtill how faint by precept is expreſt
The living image in the painter's breaſt?
Thence endleſs ſtreams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the ſketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence beauty waking all her forms, ſupplies
An angel's ſweetneſs, or *Bridgewater*'s eyes.
Muſe! at that name thy ſacred ſorrows ſhed,
Thoſe tears eternal, that embalm the dead:
Call round her tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:

* Freſnoy *employ'd above twenty years in finiſhing this poem.*

Bid

Bid her be all that chears or ſoftens life,
The tender ſifter, daughter, friend and wife;
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modeſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that every ſeaſon fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thouſand years.
Thus *Churchill*'s race ſhall other hearts ſurprize,
And other beauties envy *Wortley*'s eyes,
Each pleaſing *Blount* ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
And ſoft *Belinda*'s bluſh for ever glow.

Oh laſting as thoſe colours may they ſhine,
Free as thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line!
New graces yearly like thy works diſplay;
Soft without weakneſs, without glaring gay;
Led by ſome rule, that guides, but not conſtrains;
And finiſh'd more thro' happineſs than pains!
The kindred arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
One dip the pencil, and one ſtring the lyre.
Yet ſhould the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet ſhould the Muſes bid my numbers roll,
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;

With

With *Zeuxis'* *Helen* thy *Bridgewater* vie,
And theſe be ſung 'till *Granville's* *Myra* die;
Alas! how little from the grave we claim?
Thou but preſerv'ſt a Face, and I a Name.



TO

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH THE WORKS of *VOITURE*.

IN theſe gay thoughts the loves and graces ſhine,
And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;
His eaſy art may happy nature ſeem,
Trifles themſelves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with eſteem no leſs convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred;
His heart, his miſtreſs and his friend did ſhare;
His time, the muſe, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, life, away.

'Till

'Till death ſcarce felt his gentle breath ſuppreſt,
As ſmiling infants ſport themſelves to reſt.
Ev'n rival wits did *Voiture*'s fate deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The trueſt hearts for *Voiture* heav'd with ſighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brighteſt eyes;
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in *Voiture*'s death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and ſerious comedy,
In every ſcene ſome moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both pleaſe and preach.
Let mine, like *Voiture*'s, a gay farce appear,
And more diverting ſtill than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native eaſe and grace,
No matter for the rules of time and place:
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to pleaſe,
Few write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe.

Too much your ſex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but moſt to womankind;
Cuſtom, grown blind with age, muſt be your guide;
Your pleaſure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame;
Made ſlaves by honour, and made fools by ſhame.

Marriage

Marriage may all thoſe petty tyrants chaſe,
But ſets up one, a greater, in their place;
Well might you wiſh for change, by thoſe accurſt,
But the laſt tyrant ever proves the worſt.
Still in conſtraint your ſuff'ring ſex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains;
Whole years neglected, for ſome months ador'd,
The fawning ſervant turns a haughty lord.
Ah quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife!
Nor let falſe ſhews, or empty titles pleaſe;
Aim not at Joy, but reſt content with Eaſe.

The Gods, to curſe *Pamela* with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled *Flanders* mares,
The ſhining robes, rich jewels, beds of ſtate,
And, to compleat her bliſs, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and ſtate but reach her outward part,
She ſighs, and is no Ducheſs at her heart.

But, Madam, if the fates withſtand, and you
Are deſtin'd *Hymen*'s willing victim too;
Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms,
Thoſe, age or ſickneſs, ſoon or late, diſarms;

Good

Good humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the paſt;
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its ſlender chain a day;
As flow'ry bands in wantonneſs are worn,
A morning's pleaſure, and at ev'ning torn:
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus ‡ *Voiture*'s early care ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And *Monthauſier* was only chang'd in name;
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit ſtill ſparkling, and their flames ſtill warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle, on th'*Elyſian* coaſt,
Amid thoſe lovers, joys his gentle ghoſt:
Pleas'd, while with ſmiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer *Ramboüillet* in you.
The brighteſt eyes of *France* inſpir'd his muſe;
The brighteſt eyes of *Britain* now peruſe;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm thoſe who charm the world beſide.

‡ *Madamoiſelle* Paulet.

To

To the Same,

On her leaving the Town after the CORONATION.

AS ſome fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholſome countrey air,
Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
Yet takes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever.
Thus from the world fair *Zephalinda* flew,
Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew;
Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent,
She ſigh'd not that they *ſtay'd*, but that ſhe *went*.
She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:

She went from op'ra, park, aſſembly, play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a-day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow clock, and dine exact at noon,
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the ſquire;
Up to her godly garret after ſev'n,
There ſtarve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whoſe game is whiſk, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſack,
Who viſits with a gun, preſents you birds,
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries,— No words!
Or with his hound comes hallowing from the ſtable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whoſe laughs are hearty, tho' his jeſts are coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all things——but his horſe.

In ſome fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural ſhade;
In penſive thought recall the fancy'd ſcene,
See Coronations riſe on ev'ry green,
Before you paſs th' imaginary ſights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights;

While

While the ſpread fan o'erſhades your cloſing eyes;
Then give one ſirt, and all the viſion flies.
Thus vaniſh ſcepters, coronets and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!

So when your ſlave, at ſome, dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with headachs, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the ſtreets, abſtracted from the crew,
And while he ſeems to ſtudy, thinks of you:
Juſt when his fancy points your ſprightly eyes,
Or ſees the bluſh of *Partheniſſa* riſe,
G—y pats my ſhoulder, and you vaniſh quite;
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, ruſh upon my ſight;
Vext to be ſtill in town, I knit my brow,
Look ſow'r, and hum a ſong—as you may now.

To the Right Honourable

ROBERT, Earl of OXFORD,

AND

Earl MORTIMER.

With Dr. *PARNELL*'s POEMS.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
'Till death untimely ſtop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts, adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in ev'ry ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe, to HARLEY dear in vain!
For him thou oft' haſt bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend;
For *Swift* and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;

Dextrous,

Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſom days;
Still hear thy *Parnell* in his living lays:
Who careleſs now of int'reſt, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And ſure if ought below the ſeats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a ſoul like thine.
A ſoul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all pain, all anger, and all pride,
The rage of pow'r, the blaſt of publick breath,
The luſt of lucre, and the dread of death.
In vain to deſarts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to the ſilent ſhade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
When all the oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewel.

Ev'n

Ev'n now, ſhe ſhades thy ev'ning walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm ſun-ſet of thy various day,
'Thro' fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

Sept. 25,
1721.

VER-

VERSES

Occaſion'd by

Mr. ADDISON's *Treatiſe of Medals.*

SEE the wild waſte of all-devouring years!
How *Rome* her own ſad ſepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples ſpread,
The very tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders, rais'd on nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with ſlaves the groaning martyr toil'd;
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her floods;
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride ſurvey,
Statues of Men, ſcarce leſs alive than they;
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mould'ring age,
Some, hoſtile fury; ſome, religious rage,

Barbarian blindneſs, *Chriſtian* zeal conſpire,
And *Papal* piety, and *Gothic* fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a name;
That *name*, the learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to *Titus*, old *Veſpaſian*'s due.

Ambition ſigh'd. She found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs column and the crumbling buſt;
Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to (ſhore,
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign;
And all her triumphs ſhrink into a *Coin*.
A narrow orb each crowded conqueſt keeps;
Beneath her palm here ſad *Judæa* weeps;
Now ſcantier limits the proud arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate *Nile* and *Rhine*,
A ſmall *Euphrates* thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, ſages, beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore;

This

This, the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain *Peſcennius* one employs his ſchemes;
One graſps a *Cecrops* in ecſtatic dreams:
Poor *Vadius*, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his *Shield* was ſcour'd;
And *Curio*, reſtleſs by the fair one's ſide,
Sighs for an *Otho*, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again *Rome*'s glories ſhine,
Her gods, and god-like heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the Fathers of poetick rage;
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

Oh when ſhall *Britain*, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of *Greek* and *Roman* fame?
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the Patriot's honeſt face;
There Warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs.
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How *Plato*'s, *Bacon*'s, *Newton*'s looks agree:

Or in fair ſeries laurell'd bards be ſhown,
A *Virgil* there, and here an *Addiſon*.
Then ſhall thy *Craggs* (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore, another *Pollio*, ſhine;
With aſpect open ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read.
" Stateſman, yet friend to truth! in ſoul ſincere,
" In action faithful, and in honour clear;
" Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
" Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;
" Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
" And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the muſe he lov'd.

PROLOGUE

TO

Mr. ADDISON'S Tragedy

OF

CATO.

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' every age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move,
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth *Roman* drops from *Britiſh* eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What *Plato* thought, and godlike *Cato* was;
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure heav'n itſelf ſurveys;
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate!
While *Cato* gives his little ſenate laws,
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud *Cæſar*, 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd *Rome* her *Cato*'s figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt,

The triumph ceas'd—Tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great Victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected *Rome* ador'd,
And honour'd *Cæſar*'s leſs than *Cato*'s ſword.

Britains attend; Be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhow, you have the virtue to be mov'd!
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd *Cato* view'd
Rome learning arts from *Greece*, whom ſhe ſubdu'd;
Our ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On *French* tranſlation, and *Italian* ſong.
Dare to have ſenſe your ſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone ſhould pleaſe a *Britiſh* ear,
As *Cato*'s ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO

JANE SHORE.

Deſign'd for Mrs. OLDFEILD.

PRodigious this! the frail one of our play
From her own ſex ſhould mercy find to day!
You might have held the pretty head aſide,
Peep'd in your fans, been ſerious, thus, and cry'd,
The play may paſs—but that ſtrange creature, *Shore*—
I can't——indeed now——I ſo hate a whore——
Juſt as a blockhead rubs his thoughtleſs ſkull,
And thanks his ſtars he was not born a fool;
So from a ſiſter ſinner you ſhall hear,
"How ſtrangely you expoſe your ſelf, my dear?

But

But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our ſex are ſtill forgiving at their heart;
And did not wicked cuſtom ſo contrive,
We'd be the beſt good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In ſome cloſe corner of the ſoul, they ſin;
Still hoarding up, moſt ſcandalouſly nice,
Amidſt their virtues, a reſerve of vice.
The godly dame who fleſhly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams;
Would you enjoy ſoft nights and ſolid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with ſaints, and bed with ſinners.
Well, if our author in the wife offends,
He has a huſband that will make amends.
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
And ſure ſuch kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern *Cato*'s ſelf was no relentleſs ſpouſe:
Plu—Plutarch, (what's his name that writes his life?)
Tells us, that *Cato* dearly lov'd his wife;
Yet if a friend, a night, or ſo, ſhould need her,
He'd recommend her, as a ſpecial breeder.

To

To lend a wife, few here would ſtruple make,
But pray which of you all would take her back?
Tho' with the Stoick Chief our ſtage may ring,
The Stoick Huſband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a ſage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Thoſe ſtrange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might inſtruct the city:
There, many an honeſt man may copy *Cato*,
Who ne'er ſaw naked ſword, or look'd in *Plato*.
If, after all, you think it a diſgrace,
That *Edward*'s Miſs thus perks it in your face,
To ſee a piece of failing fleſh and blood
In all the reſt ſo impudently good;
Faith, let the modeſt matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and ſtare the ſtrumpet down.

TWO COPIES of VERSES,

In Imitation of the Style of Two PERSONS of QUALITY.

Writ at Fourteen Years of Age.

SILENCE,

In Imitation of the late E. of R.

I.

SIlence! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert, e'er Nature's ſelf began to be,
'Twas one vaſt nothing, all, and all ſlept faſt in thee.

II.

Thine was the ſway, e'er heav'n was form'd, or earth,
E'er fruitful thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife word gave aid, and ſpoke the infant forth.

III. Then

III.

Then various elements againſt thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of buſy human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently firſt, and ſpeech was low,
'Till wrangling Science taught it noiſe and ſhow,
And wicked Wit aroſe, thy moſt abuſive foe.

V.

But rebel wit deſerts thee oft' in vain;
Loſt in the maze of words, he turns again,
And ſeeks a ſurer ſtate, and courts thy gentler reign.

VI.

Afflicted Senſe thou kindly doſt ſet free,
Oppreſs'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reaſon finds a ſafe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modeſt Dullneſs lies,
And in thy boſom lurks in thoughts diſguiſe;
Thou varniſher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wiſe!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confeſt;
Folly by thee lies ſleeping in the breaſt,
And 'tis in thee at laſt that Wiſdom ſeeks for reſt.

IX. Si-

IX.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wiſhing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But could'ſt thou ſeize ſome tongues that now are free,
How Church and State would be oblig'd to thee?
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'ſt thou be?

XI.

Yet ſpeech ev'n there, ſubmiſſively withdraws
From rights of ſubjects, and the poor man's cauſe:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and ſtills the noiſy laws.

XII.

Paſt ſervices of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Fav'rites gain, and what th'Exchequer owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repoſe.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o'th' gown,
Are beſt by thee expreſs'd, and ſhine in thee alone.

XIV. The

XIV.

The parſon's cant, the lawyer's ſophiſtry,
Lord's quibble, Critic's jeſt; all end in thee,
All reſt in peace at laſt, and ſleep eternally.



TO

TO THE

AUTHOR of a POEM

ENTITULED,

SUCCESSIO.

In Imitation of the late E. *of* D.

BE gone, ye Critics, and reſtrain your ſpite;
Codrus writes on, and will for ever write;
The heavieſt muſe the ſwifteſt courſe has gone,
As clocks run faſteſt when moſt lead is on.
What tho' no bees around your cradle flew,
Nor on your lips diſtill'd their golden dew,
Yet have we oft' diſcover'd in their ſtead
A ſwarm of drones that buzz'd about your head.
When you, like *Orpheus*, ſtrike the warbling lyre,
Attentive blocks ſtand round you, and admire.

Wit,

Wit, paſs'd thro' thee, no longer is the ſame,
As meat digeſted, takes a diff'rent name;
But ſenſe muſt ſure thy ſafeſt plunder be,
Since no reprizals can be made on thee.
Thus thou may'ſt riſe, and in thy daring flight
(Tho' ne'er ſo weighty) reach a wond'rous height,
So, forc'd from engines, lead it ſelf can fly,
And pond'rous ſlugs move nimbly thro' the ſky.
Sure *Bavius* copy'd *Mævius* to the full,
And *Charilus* taught *Codrus* to be dull;
Therefore, dear friend, at my advice give o'er
This needleſs labour, and contend no more,
To prove a dull *Succeſſion* to be true,
Since 'tis enough we find it ſo in you.

EPITAPHS.

Epitaphium SIMONIS HARCOURT.

Plorate
Studia Quicunq; colitis venuſtiora,
Afferte huc lachrymas et ſuſpiria;
Hoc enim ſub ſaxo jacet
Ille eruditæ Juventutis Flos
Veſtri Gregis Decus,
Veſtræ laudis Cultor atque Hortator,
SIMON HARCOURT.

Qui

Cum Ingenio, Literis, Amicitiis vigeret,
Tum etiam Domeſticis rebus proſperè uſus eſt.
Fælix erat Lectiſſima Conjuge
Elizabethâ Joh. Evelyn Armigeri *Surrienſis*, Filiâ;
Fælix et Sobole,
Sibi nempè ſuperſtites reliquit
Natum unicum *Simonem*,
Breves quidem Patris,
Diuturniores (faxit Deus) Avi Delicias!
Natas tres, *Elizabetham*, *Martham*, *Mariam*,
Maternæ virtutis imitatrices.
His, et Mariti et Parentis Dulciſſimi
Eò luctuoſior Mors obtigit,
Quod peregrino in cœlo
Dum *Pariſios* hoſpes reviſeret,
Non Domi,
Non inter ſuorum Planctus atq; amplexus
Animam efflavit.
1 *Jul.* A. D. 1720. Æt. 35.

Simon Vicecomes *Harcourt* & Baro de *Stanton Harcourt*,
Nuper
Annæ, Reginæ optimæ, a Secretioribus Conſiliis,
Et *Magnæ Britanniæ Cancellarius*,

Tanto

Tanto ætatis ſuæ jam provectæ ſubſidio,
Tali curarum ſuarum participe avulſo,
Mœror acerbiſſimo penè oppreſſus,
In Memoriam Filii
Magis magiſq; in dies deſiderati,
Hoc Monumentum Fecit.

EPITAPH

On the MONUMENT of

SIMON HARCOURT, *Esq*;

Erected by the Right Honourable the

Lord Viſcount HARCOURT.

TO this ſad Shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
If ever Friend, if ever Son, was dear:
Here lyes the youth, who ne'er his Friend deny'd,
Or gave his Father grief, but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak,
If *Pope* muſt tell what *HARCOURT* cannot ſpeak?
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And with a Father's Sorrows mix his own!

EPI-

EPITAPH on Mr. ROWE,

For a Tomb intended to be erected by his Wife in *Weſtminſter-Abbey.*

THY reliques, *Rowe*, to this fair ſhrine we truſt,
And ſacred, place by * *Dryden*'s awful duſt:
Beneath a rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt!
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
One grateful woman to thy fame ſupply'd
What a whole thankleſs land to his deny'd.

---

* *The Tomb of Mr.* Dryden *was erected ſoon after this, by the Duke of* Buckingham; *to which was originally intended this Epitaph.*

This *SHEFFIELD* rais'd. The ſacred Duſt below
Was *DRYDEN* once: The reſt who does not know?

Which the Author ſince chang'd into the plain Inſcription now on the Tomb; being only the Name of that Great Man, in this manner:

DRYDEN.

Natus Aug. 9. 1631.
Mortuus Maji 1°. 1701.

JOANNES Sheffield Dux Buckinghamienſis fecit.

EPITAPH.

A Pleaſing form, a firm, yet cautious mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent; conſtant, yet reſign'd;
Honour unchang'd; a principle profeſt,
Fixt to one ſide, but mod'rate to the reſt:
An honeſt courtier, and a patriot too,
Juſt to his Prince, and to his country true;
Fill'd with the ſenſe of age, the fire of youth,
A ſcorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from ſuperſtition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

On a FAN *of the Author's Deſign, in which was painted the Story of* CEPHALUS *and* PROCRIS, *with the Motto,* Aura Veni.

COME, gentle air, th'*Æolian* ſhepherd ſaid,
While *Procris* panted in the ſecret ſhade;
Come, gentle air, the fairer *Delia* cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play!
In *Delia*'s hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more ſurely wound:
Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by thoſe they love.
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound ſhe gives;
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities *Procris*, while her lover dies.

SOLITUDE.

Sapphick.

I.

HOW happy he, who free from care,
The rage of courts, and noiſe of towns;
Contented breaths his native air,
In his own grounds.

II.

Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter fire.

III.

Bleſt! who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, ſlide ſwift away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

IV. Sound

IV.

Sound ſleep by night; ſtudy and eaſe
Together mix'd; ſweet recreation,
And innocence, which moſt does pleaſe,
With meditation.

V.

Thus let me live, unheard, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me dye;
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lye.

STANZA's

From the French of Malherbe.

AT length, my ſoul! thy fruitleſs hopes give o'er,
Believe, believe the treach'rous world no more.
Shallow, yet ſwift, the ſtream of fortune flows,
While ſome rude wind will always diſcompoſe;
As children birds, ſo men their bliſs purſue,
Still out of reach, tho' ever in their view.

In vain, for all that empty greatneſs brings,
We loſe our lives amidſt the courts of kings,
And ſuffer ſcorn, and bend the ſupple knee;
The monarch dies——one moment's turn deſtroys
Long future proſpects, and ſhort preſent joys:
Oh unperforming, falſe mortality!

All

All is but *duſt*, when once their breath is fled;
The fierce, the pompous majeſty lies dead!
The world no longer trembles at their pow'r!
Ev'n in thoſe tombs where their proud names ſurvive,
Where ſtill in breathing braſs they ſeem to live,
Th' impartial worms that very *duſt* devour.

The lofty ſtyles of happy, glorious, great,
The Lords of Fortune, Arbiters of fate,
And Gods of war, lye loſt within the grave!
Their mighty minions then come tumbling down,
They loſe their flatt'rers as they loſe their crown,
Forgot of ev'ry friend, and ev'ry ſlave!

The WISH.

Sent to Mrs. M. B. *on her Birth-Day,* June 15.

OH be thou bleſt with all that heav'n can ſend,
Long health, long youth, long pleaſure, and a friend!

Not with thoſe toys the female world admire;
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
Let joy, or eaſe, let affluence, or content,
And the gay conſcience of a life well-ſpent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inſpirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face!
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a *Pain*, a *Trouble*, or a *Fear*.
And ah! ſince Death muſt that lov'd frame deſtroy,
Die by a ſudden Exſtacy of joy:
Or let thy ſoul in ſome ſoft dream remove,
And be thy lateſt gaſp a ſigh of love!

TWO

CHORUS'S

TO THE

Tragedy of *Brutus*.

Chorus of *Athenians*.

Strophe 1.

YE ſhades, where ſacred truth is ſought;
Groves, where immortal ſages taught;
Where heav'nly viſions *Plato* fir'd,
And god-like *Zeno* lay inſpir'd!
In vain your guiltleſs laurels ſtood
Unſpotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And ſteel now glitters in the Muſes ſhades.

Antiſtrophe 1.

Oh heav'n-born Siſters! ſource of art!
Who charm the ſenſe, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair virtue's train along,
Moral *Truth*, and myſtic *Song!*
To what new clime, what diſtant ſky,
Forſaken, friendleſs, ſhall ye fly?
Say, will ye bleſs the bleak *Atlantic* ſhore,
Or bid the furious *Gaul* be rude no more?

Strophe 2.

When *Athens* ſinks by fates unjuſt,
When wild *Barbarians* ſpurn her duſt;
Perhaps ev'n *Britain*'s utmoſt ſhore
Shall ceaſe to bluſh with ſtranger's gore,
See arts her ſavage ſons controul,
An *Athens* riſing near the pole!
Till ſome new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madneſs tears them from the land.

Antiſtrophe 2.

Ye Gods! what juſtice rules the ball?
Freedom and arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are ſlaves.

Oh

Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry ſtate!
Still when the luſt of tyrant pow'r ſucceeds,
Some *Athens* periſhes, or ſome *Tully* bleeds.

CHORUS *of* Youths *and* Virgins.

OH tyrant love! haſt thou poſſeſt
The prudent, learn'd and virtuous breaſt?
Wiſdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but ſoften us to feel thy flame.
Love, ſoft intruder, enters here,
But entring learns to be ſincere.
Marcus with bluſhes owns he loves,
And *Brutus* tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, doſt thou blame deſire,
Which Nature has impreſt?
Why, nature, doſt thou ſooneſt fire
The mild and gen'rous breaſt?

Chorus.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods, and *Brutus* bend to love:
Brutus for abſent *Porcia* ſighs,
And ſterner *Caſſius* melts at *Julia*'s eyes.

What

What is looſe love? a tranſient guſt,
Spent in a ſudden ſtorm of luſt;
A vapour fed from wild deſire,
A wand'ring, ſelf-conſuming fire.
But *Hymen*'s flames like ſtars unite;
And burn for ever one;
Chaſte as cold *Cynthia*'s virgin light,
Productive as the ſun.

Semichorus.

Oh ſource of ev'ry ſocial tye,
United wiſh, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend?
Whether his hoary ſire he ſpies,
While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe;
Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye;
Or views his ſmiling progeny;
What tender paſſions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move?
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Hence guilty joys, diſtaſtes, ſurmiſes,
Falſe oaths, falſe tears, deceits, diſguiſes,
Dangers, doubts, delays, ſurprizes;
Fires that ſcorch, yet dare not ſhine:
Pureſt love's unwaſting treaſure;
Conſtant faith, fair hope, long leiſure,
Days of eaſe, and nights of pleaſure,
Sacred *Hymen!* theſe are thine.

FOUR SONGS

Written in 1683.

By his Grace the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

In order to be ſung as Chorus's between the Acts of a Play of Shakeſpear's *that was alter'd.*

Firſt SONG after the end of the firſt Act.

Chorus of Free Citizens of Rome.

WHither is ancient virtue gone?
What is become of juſtice now?
That vapour, which ſo bright has ſhone,
And with the wings of conqueſt flown,
Muſt to a haughty maſter bow:

Who

Who with our toil, our blood, and all we have beſide,
Gorges his ill-got pow'r, his humour, or his pride.

He frankly does his life expoſe:
So will a lyon or a bear;
What comfort can that be to thoſe,
Who more his vain ambition fear?
How ſtupid wretches we appear;
Who round the world, for wealth and empire roam;
And never, never think what ſlaves we are at home?

Did men for this together join,
Quitting the free wild life of nature?
What beaſt but man did e'er combine
For ſetting up his fellow-creature,
And of two miſchiefs chuſe the greater?
Oh! rather than be ſlaves to falſe and worthleſs men!
Give us our wildneſs and our woods, our hutts and caves again.

There ſecure from lawleſs ſway,
Out of pride, or envy's way;

Living

Living up to nature's rules,
Not deprav'd by knaves and fools,
Happily we all might live, and harmleſs as our ſheep;
Then at length as calmly die, as infants fall aſleep.

Second SONG after the ſecond Act.

The Genius of Rome.

LO, to prevent this awful empire's doom,
From bright unknown abodes of bliſs I come,
The mighty genius of majeſtic *Rome.*

Her * fate approaches! yet, I will engage
Some few, the maſter ſouls of all this age,
To do an act of juſt heroic rage.

'Tis hard ſo brave a man ſhould fall ſo low;
But worſe to let ſo great a people bow
To one themſelves have rais'd, who ſcorns them now.

Yet oh! I grieve that *Brutus* ſhould be ſtain'd,
Whoſe life, excepting this one act remain'd
So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

* *The fall of the Commonwealth when it was chang'd into Tyranny.*

But

But only he can make the reſt combine;
The very life and ſoul of their deſign:
The centre where thoſe mighty ſpirits join.

Unthinking men no ſort of ſcruples make;
And ſome are bad, only for miſchiefs ſake;
But ev'n the beſt are guilty by miſtake.

Thus, while they all for publick good intend,
To bring a tyrant to untimely end,
The over-zealous *Brutus* ſtabs his friend.

Third SONG after the third Act.

Chorus of Roman *Senators.*

DARK is the path poor mortals tread:
Wiſdom itſelf a guide does need:
We little thought, when *Cæſar* bled,
That a worſe *Cæſar* would ſucceed.
And are we under ſuch a hopeleſs curſe,
That we can never change but for the worſe?

Under

Under pretence of neceſſary force
By which we our own ſelves enthrall,
Theſe, without bluſhes or remorſe,
Proſcribe the beſt, impov'riſh all.
The *Gauls* themſelves, our greateſt foes,
Could offer terms no worſe than thoſe.

That *Cæſar* with ambitious thoughts
Had virtues too, his very foes could find:
Theſe equal him in all his faults,
But never in his noble mind.
That free-born ſpirits ſhould obey,
Wretches who know not how to ſway!

Too late we now repent our haſty choice;
In vain bemoan ſo quick a turn;
Dejected *Rome* cries with united voice,
Better, a thouſand times, that we had born
Our ills a while, with patience, and with eaſe,
Than try'd a fatal cure, much worſe than our diſeaſe.

Fourth

Fourth SONG after the fourth Act.

Chorus of Soldiers in the Army of Brutus *and* Caſſius.

OUR vows thus chearfully we ſing,
'Till the fierce clangor fires our blood:
Let all the neighb'ring echoes ring
With wiſhes for our country's good:
And, for reward, of the juſt Gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

May *Rome* be freed from wars alarms,
And mulcts too heavy to be born:
May ſhe beware of foreign arms,
And ſend them back with noble ſcorn.
And, for reward, *&c.*

May ſhe no more confide in friends
Who nothing farther underſtood,
Than only, for their private ends,
To waſte her wealth, and ſpill her blood.
And, for reward, *&c.*

Our greateſt patriots *Jove* reſtrain
From faction, which they wiſdom call;
From the low thoughts of little gain,
And hazarding the loſing all.
And, for reward, *&c.*

Our arms we'll eagerly prepare,
Then, to the glorious combat fly;
All diſengag'd from future care,
Except to overcome, or dye.
And, for reward, *&c.*

They fight, oppreſſion to increaſe:
We, for our liberties and laws;
It were a ſin to doubt ſucceſs,
When freedom is the noble cauſe.
And, for reward, of the juſt Gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

THE

THE ELECTION OF A POET LAUREAT In 1719.

By the ſame hand.

A Famous Aſſembly was ſummon'd of late;
To crown a new *Laureat* came *Phœbus* in ſtate;
With all that *Montfaucon* himſelf could deſire,
His bow, lawrel, harp, and abundance of fire.

At

At *Barthol'mew Fair* ne'er did Bullies ſo juſtle,
No County Election e'er made ſuch a buſtle:
From garret, mint, tavern, they all poſt away;
Some thirſting for Sack, ſome ambitious of Bay.

All came with full confidence, fluſh'd with vain hope,
From *Cibber* and *Durfey*, to *Prior* and *Pope*:
Phœbus ſmil'd on theſe laſt; but yet nevertheleſs,
Said, he hop'd they had got enough by the Preſs.

With a huge mountain-load of heroical lumber,
Which from *Tonſon* to *Curl*, ev'ry preſs had groan'd under,
Came *Bl——e*, and cry'd, Look! all theſe are my lays;
But, at preſent, I beg you'd but read my Eſſays.

Lampooners and Criticks ruſh'd in like a tyde;
Stern *Dennis* and *Gildon* came firſt ſide by ſide;
Apollo confeſs'd that their laſhes had ſtings;
But beadles and hangmen were never choſe kings.

Steel

Steel long had ſo cunningly manag'd the town,
He could not be blam'd for expecting the crown:
Apollo demurr'd, as to granting his wiſh;
But wiſh'd him good luck in his project of fiſh.

Lame *Congreve*, unable ſuch throngs to endure,
Of *Apollo* begg'd either a crown, or a cure:
To refuſe ſuch a writer, *Apollo* was loth,
And almoſt inclin'd to have granted him both.

When *Buckingham* came, he ſcarce car'd to be ſeen,
'Till *Phœbus* deſir'd his old friend to walk in:
But a Laureat Peer had never been known,
The Commoners claim'd that place as their own.

Yet, if the kind God had been ne'er ſo inclin'd
To break an old rule, yet he well knew his mind;
Who of ſuch preferment would only make ſport,
And laugh'd at all ſuitors for places at court.

Notwithſtanding this law, yet *Lanſdown* was nam'd,
But *Apollo* with kindneſs his indolence blam'd,

And ſaid, he would chooſe him, but that he ſhould fear,
An employment of trouble he never could bear.

A prelate for wit, and for eloquence fam'd
Apollo ſoon miſs'd, and he needs not be nam'd,
Since amidſt a whole bench, of which ſome are ſo bright,
No one of them ſhines ſo learn'd and polite.*

To *Shippen*, *Apollo* was cold with reſpect,
Since he for the ſtate could the Muſes neglect:
But ſaid, in a greater aſſembly he ſhin'd,
And places were things he had ever declin'd.

Tr——p, *Y——*, and *Vanbrugh* expected reward
For ſome things writ well, but *Apollo* declar'd,
The one was too ſtiff, and the other too rough,
And the third ſure already had places enough.

Pert *B——ll* came next, and demanding the bays,
Said, thoſe works muſt be good which had *Addiſon*'s praiſe:
But *Phœbus* reply'd, Child *Euſtace*, 'tis known,
Moſt authors will praiſe whatſoever's their own.

* *Dr.* Atterbury, *Biſhop of* Rocheſter.

Then

Then *Ph——ps* came forth, as ſtarch as a Quaker,
Whoſe ſimple profeſſion's a Paſtoral maker:
Apollo advis'd him from cities to keep,
And pipe to nought elſe, but his dog and his ſheep.

Hughes, *Fenton*, and *Gay* came laſt in the train,
Too modeſt to aſk for the crown they would gain:
Phœbus thought them too baſhful, and ſaid they would need
More boldneſs, if ever they hop'd to ſucceed.

Apollo, now driven to a curſed quandary,
Was wiſhing for *Swift*, or the fam'd Lady *Mary*:
Nay had old *Tom Southern* but been within call ——
But at laſt he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them all.

And ſo 'ſpying one who came only to gaze,
A hater of verſe, and deſpiſer of plays,
To him in great form, without any delays
(Tho' a zealous *Fanatick*) preſented the Bays.

All the wits ſtood aſtoniſh'd at hearing the God
So gravely pronounce an Election ſo odd;

And tho' *Prior* and *Pope* only laugh'd in his face,
Moſt others were ready to ſink in the place.

Yet ſome thought the vacancy open was kept,
Concluding the bigot would never accept:
But the Hypocrite told them, he well underſtood
Tho' the Function was wicked, the Stipend was good.

At this in ruſh'd *Euſden*, and cry'd, "Who ſhall
"have it,
"But I, the true Laureat, to whom the King gave it?
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim;
But vow'd, that 'till then he ne'er heard of his name.

A BAL-

A

BALLAD.

I.

'TWAS when the ſeas were roaring
With hollow blaſts of wind;
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the roaring billows
She caſt a wiſhful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That tremble o'er the brook.

II.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days.
Why didſt thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas?

Ceaſe, ceaſe thou cruel Ocean,
And let my lover reſt;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breaſt?

III.

The merchant robb'd of pleaſure,
Sees tempeſts in deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure
To loſing of my dear?
Should you ſome coaſt be laid on
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
Not one that loves you ſo.

IV.

How can they ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks diſcover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

V. All

V.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear;
Repay'd each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave ſtooping
His floating corpſe ſhe ſpy'd;
Then like a lilly drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

Sweet William's *farewel to Black-ey'd* Suſan.

A

BALLAD.

ALL in the *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd *Suſan* came on board,
Oh! where ſhall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet *William* ſails among the crew.

William

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below;
The cord ſlides ſwiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark high-pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
(If chance his mate's ſhrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her neſt:
The nobleſt captain in the *Britiſh* fleet,
Might envy *William*'s lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O *Suſan*, *Suſan*, lovely dear,
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind;
They'll tell thee, ſailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a miſtreſs find.
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

If to fair *India*'s coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in di'monds bright,
Thy breath is *Africk*'s ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white.
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' battel calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty *Suſan* mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms,
William ſhall to his dear return.
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from *Suſan*'s eye.

The

The Boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread,
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard:
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head.
Her leſs'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu, ſhe cries; and waves her lilly hand.

On the Marriage of an OLD MAID.

CLOE, a coquet in her prime,
The vaineſt, fickleſt thing alive;
Behold the ſtrange effects of time!
Marries and doats at forty five.

Thus weather-cocks, who for a while
Have turn'd about with every blaſt,
Grown old and deſtitute of oil,
Ruſt to a point, and fix at laſt.

On a handſom SINGER, *covetous and proud.*

SO bright is thy beauty, ſo charming thy ſong,
As had drawn both the beaſts and their *Orpheus* along;
But ſuch is thy av'rice, and ſuch is thy pride,
That the beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the Poet have dy'd.

Two

Two or Three;

OR,

A RECEIPT to make a CUCKOLD.

TWO or three viſits, and two or three bows,
Two or three civil things, two or three vows,
Two or three kiſſes, and two or three ſighs,
Two or three *Jeſus's!* and *Let me dye's!*
Two or three ſqueezes, and two or three towzes,
With two or three thouſand pounds loſt at their houſes,
Can never fail cuckolding two or three ſpouſes.

To Mr. *POPE*,

On his correcting my VERSES,

By Mr. *BROOME*.

IF e'er my humble Muſe melodious ſings,
'Tis when you animate and tune her ſtrings;
If e'er ſhe mounts, 'tis when you plume her wings.
You, like the ſun, your glorious beams diſplay,
Deal to the darkeſt orb a friendly ray,
And cloath it with the luſtre of the day.
Mean was the piece, unelegantly wrought,
The colours faint, irregular the draught!
But your commanding touch, your nicer art,
Rais'd ev'ry ſtroke, and brighten'd ev'ry part.
So when *Luke* drew the rudiments of man,
An angel finiſh'd what the ſaint began;
His wond'rous pencil dipt in heav'nly dyes
Gave beauty to the face, and light'ning to the eyes.

Confus'd it lay a rough unpoliſh'd maſs,
You gave the royal ſtamp, and made it paſs;
Hence ev'n deformity a beauty grew,
She pleas'd, ſhe charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd by (you.
Tho' like *Prometheus* I the image frame,
You give the life, and bring the heav'nly flame.
Thus when the *Nile* diffus'd his watry train
In ſtreams of plenty o'er the fruitful plain;
Unſhapen forms, the refuſe of the flood,
Iſſu'd imperfect from the teeming mud:
'Till the kind ſource and parent of the day,
Faſhion'd the creature, and inform'd the clay.
Weak of herſelf, my muſe forbears her flight,
Views her own lowneſs, and *Parnaſſus'* height;
But when you aid her ſong, and deign to nod,
She ſpreads a bolder wing, and feels the preſent God.
So the *Cumæan* propheteſs was dumb,
Blind to the future, and events to come:
But when *Apollo* in her breaſt abode,
She heav'd, ſhe ſwell'd, ſhe felt the ruſhing God.
Then accents more than mortal from her broke,
And what the God inſpir'd, the Prieſteſs ſpoke.

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